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A R I D E
OF
EIGHT HUNDRED MILES
IN
FRANCE.

A R I D E
OF
EIGHT HUNDRED MILES
IN
FRANCE;

Containing a Sketch of the Face of the Country, of its Rural Economy, of the Towns and Villages, of Manufactures and Trade, and of such of the Manners and Customs as materially differ from those of England: ALSO, an Account of the Prices of Land, House, Fuel, Food, Raiment, Labour, and other Things, in different parts of the Country; the design being to exhibit a true picture of the present State of the People of France.

To which is added,

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FINANCES OF THE KINGDOM.

BY JAMES PAUL COBBETT,
STUDENT OF LINCOLN'S-INN.

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PREFACE.

THE paragraphs of this work are numbered, for the purpose of reference, that mode being deemed more useful to the reader than a numbering of the pages.

2. To make apologies, for want of ability to do that which one has voluntarily undertaken to do; to make importunate appeals to the indulgence of the public: these must of necessity proceed from affectation; and, in answer to them, the public may with propriety always say: "If such be your consciousness of inability, if so great be your need of indulgence, why did you publish? If you be *sincere*, you ought to have been silent; if you be *not sincere*, how are we to believe your narratives and descriptions?"

3. The truth is, that very little of what is worthy of the name of *ability* is required to perform the task which I have undertaken, and which is little more than that of writing down an account of what I saw and what I heard, and these relating, besides, to matters by no means of an occult, or of an extraordinary character.

4. The *motive* to the performing of the “*RIDE*” was simply this: to gratify a wish of my FATHER, who was desirous to know the *real state of the people of France*, and especially of the *farmers and labourers*; and, as to the motives to the PUBLICATION, they are such as those, by which, I dare say, most authors are animated.

5. With respect to the *manner* of executing my task, it is, the reader may be assured, the best that I am master of. The wish which caused me to go to France was the best possible security for

my scrupulous adherence to truth in the account that was to be the fruit of my journey. I have cared much less about any thing else than about this. I travelled with that partiality for England, which we all so naturally feel; but, I have, in no case, suffered it to lead me out of the path of veracity.

6. I have set down an account of things, day by day, in the order in which they presented themselves to me; and, at the end of my Journal, I have put an INDEX, so full and complete, that the reader will be at no loss to find, in a few minutes, all that is, in the several parts of the book, contained, upon any particular subject.

7. In England, little is known about the geography of the *departments* of France. We always talk about Normandy, Picardy, Burgundy, Champagne; and not about this or that department: therefore,

as I was desirous to make my journal as intelligible as I could, I have spoken of *provinces* and not of *departments*.

8. If I have, in some few instances, spoken harshly of our neighbours, as is the case, for instance, with regard to the hard and degrading labours thrown upon the female sex, I beg that this harshness may be ascribed solely to a sense of justice, and by no means to a want of friendly feeling towards a people, with whose sobriety, whose honest dealings, and whose politeness, I was greatly delighted.

JAMES P. COBBETT.

Kensington, 3 Dec. 1823.

A
R I D E
OF
EIGHT HUNDRED MILES
IN
F R A N C E.

CALAIS—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

SATURDAY MORNING, 10 OCT. 1823.

9. YESTERDAY morning was so unpleasant, that, taking the advice of a friend at Dover, I made up my mind to the losing of a day in that town. The weather, however, got better about noon, and a steam-boat being about to set off, I got ready, all in hurry, to embark. My friend was so good as to render me great assistance in getting myself and horse on board in time. The wind was *fresh*, as the sailors call it, and, being fair at the same time, the steam-boat, which was a very fine vessel, brought us over to this place in the short time of two hours and a half.

10. As I bring a horse over with me, it may be well to mention some of the particulars

attending his passage. The manner of putting him on board the vessel was, contrary to my expectation, to *sling* him. Carriages they put upon deck ; but a horse has to be lowered, by means of a crane, into the hold of the vessel. This operation is attended with very little danger to the horse : he goes into the air, suspended from the crane, and plunges and squeals a good deal (so did my horse, at least) ; but his strength is so completely surrounded by the means of strength greater than his own, that he is, at last, obliged to yield to the superiority ; and, trembling and tottering with fear, he suffers himself to be introduced to the apartment appropriated to passengers of his description. I paid, at Dover Custom-house, 4*s.* duty on my horse ; valuing him at 40*l.* that is, just 1*s.* on 10*l.* To porters for putting him on board, 5*s.* ; and 2*s.* for a halter to tie him up with on board the vessel. For his passage, a guinea and a half. On this side I pay for him, to the Commissioner of Customs and Police, 29 francs and 15 sous, including duty, charges for getting him on shore, and the Commissioner's fee.

11. I pay, for my own passage, half-a-guinea. For the Custom-house charges on my portmanteau, 2 francs ; for my passport, 3 francs.

12. All the business on this side of the water is managed by one person, Monsieur the Commissioner, who is the person you consult upon every matter. There is more than one Commissioner in the town ; there is one officer of this kind attached to every inn or lodging-house of any consequence ; and, when I say *one person*, I mean that, in passing through CALAIS, one of the Commissioners of Customs and Police is the only official person that a foreigner has any occasion to consult. This Commissioner (*Commissaire*) is a very civil and attentive man, and, having all the business under his own eye, prevents strangers from being imposed upon by any officious person belonging to his department.

13. When I arrived at the hotel (*Hotel de Meurice*), after having disembarked my horse, I was conducted into the room where they were at dinner at what is called the *Table d'Hôte*. This *Table d'Hôte*, or *Ordinary*, is a provision for any travellers that may be in the house, or passing, about the time that the dinner is ready. If they like to dine at this general *Table d'Hôte*, they may ; if not, they may dine in a more private manner, just as they please. A *Table d'Hôte* is, also, a place at which people who *live in* the town, or are, at

least, *settled there for a while*, dine regularly, or generally. Officers of the army, for instance ; men in trade, if they do not *keep house*, as we call it ; and the like. It is a table like that of a *boarding-house* in America, except that, in America, those who are boarded generally lodge also.

14. With the queer sensations that the tossings of the steam-boat had given me, I did not feel inclined to partake in the entertainment going forward ; and so I set myself down by the fire. I was not, however, without something to attract my attention. At the head of the table there stood a shabby looking fellow, tightly buttoned up in an old surtout coat, with a black sleek head, and face almost as black, who, when first I went into the room, was *whistling*. I soon perceived that this was intended as an amusement for the company, which it certainly might be, for a little while, to any body ; for, such was this person's excellence in his way, that, before I had been five minutes in his company, he reminded me, I thought, of almost every creature that can make a noise. His talent appeared to consist wholly in mimicry. He prefaced each part of his performance by a speech in explanation of the subject that was to follow. The *night-*

ingale, the ~~thrush~~, the *cuckoo*, the *sucking pig*, every thing, indeed, he imitated with astonishing correctness; but, when he came to the *frog*, it was so palpably his *chef d'œuvre*, that I could not help departing from that gravity which, out of reverence for French politeness, I had managed to preserve throughout the rest of his imitations.

15. My cheer has been very good at Calais; but, like GIL BLAS in the case of the *trout*, I have had to *pay for it*. My bill is as follows: *Tea*, 1 franc and 50 centimes: but before I proceed, I must give a comparative statement of the *money of the two countries*. The legal *money of account*, in France, consists of *francs* and *centimes*; that is to say, of *francs* and *hundredths* of francs. This is in imitation of the United States, who have divided their *dollar* into a hundred things, called *cents*. The *coins* in France are six or eight in number, and are of copper, silver, and gold; but, the *money of account* is all that I have to do with here, because my object is *comparison*. The franc is called also the *livre*. A *sou* is the twentieth part of a franc; and of course, a *centime* is the fifth part of a *sou*. A *franc* is equal to *ten pence* English. A *sou* is, of course, equal to an English *halfpenny*. This

is not *exactly* the proportion ; but, it is quite near enough for all my purposes.*

16. I now, therefore, proceed with my bill. Tea, 1 franc and 10 sous ; half a chicken, 1 franc and 10 sous ; lodging, 2 francs ; breakfast, 1 franc and 10 sous. For my horse, four *picotins* (each about half a gallon) of oats, 2 francs and 8 sous ; two *bottes* (bundles of about 10 pounds weight) of hay, 1 franc and 16 sous ; two *picotins* of bran, 16 sous ; two *bottes* of straw, 16 sous. All together, 12 francs and six sous. To the waiter, 1 franc ; to the chambermaid, 1 franc ; to the boot-boy, 10 sous ; to the ostler, 1 franc.

17. This bill of 10*s.* 3*d.* falls, however, short of that of the little *village of Dartford*, in Kent, though Calais must be looked upon as the *Dover of France*. For far inferior accommodation at Dartford, my bill was 11*s.* 6*d.* I cannot see the *bottes* of hay charged in my bill, without being enlightened as to our old saying (which has so often puzzled me), of *looking for a needle in a BOTTLE of hay* ; which saying is, doubtless, of Norman origin, corrupted by us, who have, at last, put *bottle* instead of *botte*.

18. Calais has a population of 7,600 inhabitants. It is rather a lively place, on account of the numbers of English people that are almost constantly arriving here, and those of our country people (for I understand there are a great many) that are settled for a time in the town, or about the neighbourhood. In the centre of the town there is a large square, in which the market is held, and within which, indeed, appears to be encompassed the greater part of the stir and interest that belong to this place. Calais has all the appearance of being strongly fortified. There are but two ways of entrance to the town; namely, one gate leading to the sea side, and another gate on the opposite side of the town, through which I pass in my way to Paris. There are no less than three or four gates and drawbridges in succession, besides the principal gate and its bridge, through and over which people must pass in order to go to or come from the town.

ARDRES—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

(*Four leagues from Calais.*)

SUNDAY MORNING, 12 OCT.

19. A French land-league is equal to two and a half *English miles*, or thereabouts; so

that my ride of yesterday was not less than ten miles. The league is generally supposed to be equal to three of our miles, but I am sure it is not so much as that.

20. Yesterday was very wet, till about noon, when it let off from Calais. Coming out of Calais I met a *diligence*, or French coach, with two outriders. The cavalcade, altogether, was the most uncouth thing of the kind I had ever seen. I was obliged to retreat before it for some distance, to find a convenient place to let it go by, on account of the fear manifested by my horse. I stopped, and let it pass. One of the outriders gave my nag a cut with his whip in going by, and I did not expect any salutation more polite, from the barbarous appearance of the whole concern, and especially from the manner in which the horses were driven along, which was, by the bawling of the riders, and the clacking of their whips in such a manner as almost to stun one. There were five horses to the vehicle, which looked as cumbersome as those things in which they carry *wild beasts* in England, and certainly less handsome, if beauty may be considered in such a case. The driver rode on one of the wheel-horses, which were two abreast of each other, the

three others being all abreast before. A description of the dress of the drivers of these carriages would appear incredible to an Englishman. I have seen caricatures of it in England ; but, I expected to find the mode of travelling much altered ; nevertheless, it appears to be nearly the same that it was many years ago. The driver and the outriders wore *boots*, which admit of no comparison with any thing that I ever saw before that went by the name of boots. Take off the foot, which was twice as big as feet generally are, the boot is a *long fire-bucket* ; and if I were to fill a sheet of paper, I could not convey a more correct idea of the thing. The *hat* worn by the wearers of these boots is of the old French fashion ; that is to say, inclining in its shape towards a *pyramid*, the width of the crown at the top being, compared to its width at the bottom, in about the same proportion as *six* inches bear to *eight*. The brim of the hat is remarkably small ; and, from under the hind part of this hangs a *pigtail*, which, in respect to its size, needs no alteration to make it correspond with the boots. A great part of the *powder* belonging to the pigtail serves, as the rider bumps upon his saddle, to variegate his *skeleton jacket*, which was, in this case, of a blue colour with *red collar*

and cuffs, and of so very scanty a fashion, that it appeared to be much too small for the wearer: it puts one in mind of one of those lucky school-boys, who have not been sufficiently starved to prevent them from growing out of their jackets.

21. The country, after leaving Calais, is, for some miles, entirely flat, and has formerly been a common, with furze growing upon it. I saw a man at plough at a mile from Calais, from whom I found that I had come a mile out of my way, having taken the road to Dunkirk in mistake. They plough here with three horses a breast, and with a plough which is ugly, but not so heavy as some of ours in England; and the land appears to be very well ploughed.

22. Before I left Calais yesterday morning, I went to the market, Saturday being market-day. I saw many farmers with their wheat, at some samples of which I looked. The wheat seemed to be very good; I did not see a bad sample. I was surprised to see ~~that~~ *women* had so much to do in the corn-market, with which market they have so little to do in England. I supposed, at first, that they must be buying corn for their own home

consumption ; but I soon found, from their conversation, that they were *selling corn at market* just the same as if they had been men. Upon the road I saw a great many people, mostly women, going to and coming from market. They were going, or had been to market, it appeared, to buy things for domestic use ; as those that were going home-wards, were, I perceived, carrying bread, apples, clothes, crockery-ware, and many other articles. These people were all well dressed. The labourers pretty much in the same fashion as the English, with smock-frocks and trowsers, made of a linen stuff of a blue colour, and shoes and hats like the English. The women are strikingly uniform in their dress. In wet weather they all wear cloaks. They very seldom wear bonnets, but caps instead, which, when it rains, they cover with a handkerchief, or with the hood of their cloaks. I speak here of what are called *peasants*, or country people.

23. The soil about here is of a dark sandy kind, but pretty good. I see some men walking on high *pattens*.

24. Ardres is a little fortified town, with a population of about 1500. Between this place

and Calais there is a bridge, called *Le Pont-sans-Pareil*, which name means, that there is not such another bridge to be found. The curiosity of it is, that there are *two canals* crossing each other under the bridge at *right angles*, the one going from St. Omers to Calais, and the other from Ardres to Gravelines.

25. Set out from Ardres this morning, having slept there on account of bad weather. The inn, or *auberge*, at which I lodged last night, was the best that I could find in the place. The stable for my horse was close and good, but not divided into *stalls*; it was just such a stable as a good *cart-horse* stable is in England; not so clean, and not kept in such order, as the stables of inns in England are; nevertheless quite good enough, excepting only in the circumstance of there being no stalls, which does not do so well where several strange horses have to lodge in the same stable. As soon as I got to the inn I bespoke a bed-room, to take possession of which I went *through the kitchen*, and then up stairs. The bed-furniture and linen and the room were all clean and neat, but in place of a carpet, there was a sprinkling of *sand* upon the floor. The weather was very chilly, and some dinner which I had asked for was given

to me in a room, comfortable in all respects, save that of its having *no fire* in it. I wanted very much to get into some place warmer than this, and the *kitchen* being the only place where I could see a fire, I made bold to enter that, and was rather surprised on being asked to *sit down there*. I did not find the company disagreeable, however, and passed the evening in a manner much to my satisfaction.

ST. OMERS—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

(*Six leagues from Ardres.*)

SUNDAY NIGHT, 12 OCT.

26. As I came out of Ardres this morning, I met the country people, at *seven o'clock*, *going to church*. At two leagues from Ardres, passed through the village of La Recousse, a pretty little place. The harvest nearly finished. Saw some *horse-beans*, a good many, all along the road from Calais. The beans are standing in the fields in sheaf and in shock, and seem to be very fine; but the harvest of these is not yet begun. Saw one piece of *oats* and one piece of *barley*, yet in the field, but cut. The harvest here must have been full *a month later* than in the eastern part of Kent; that is to say, at only about fifty miles off. The beans have all been housed in

Kent more than a month. They grow *rape*, or *coleseed*, here, from which they make a great deal of oil. It is sowed in the spring and transplanted in the fall of the year; not with a setting-stick, but with a *plough*. They lay the plants, at about a foot apart, against the ploughed land, and then turn a furrow against them, laying a row of plants for every furrow they turn. The seed ripens and is harvested the following summer.—The soil here is chalky and apparently very good; with hard flinty hills, and muddy by-roads (in this weather, which is wet).—There is a row of *planted trees*, on each side of the great road, for almost every step of the way from Calais to this place. The trees are, for the most part, willows, black Italian poplars, ashes and elms, which latter appear to be much cultivated in this way. These trees give the road and country a very fine appearance; and (which is by no means an unpleasant circumstance) there are no *turnpike gates*. I have seen some woods, at a distance, but the land near the road is, in general, very open; in many places, for a thousand acres together, and more, nothing but an open plain. The cattle that I have seen are good. Good cart-horses and good cows. As for the sheep, I have seen very few, and those were at a distance from the road.

27. I got to this place about eleven o'clock, in time to save myself from a ducking. Went this afternoon to see the cathedral, which is a very fine building; and also to see the ruins of the church of *St. Bertin*, a great part of which yet remains undemolished by the revolution, during which the riches of the monks of St. Benedict, to whom it belonged, were confiscated. That part of the church which remains, stands on a base of about 120 yards by 60. The convent, to which it belonged, is entirely destroyed; and the remnant of the church (a beautiful piece of building) is now being *sold to build houses for the citizens!* The original possessions of this community were immense. The flour-mills that belonged to it have not, like the rest of the establishment, gone out of fashion. They remain, and grind wheat to feed the people of Saint Omers. All the land which used to belong to it in the shape of beautiful gardens, is now cut up and built upon, or made into gardens of a less luxurious description. At the entrance, under the tower of the church, which remains almost perfect, there are some statues of saints, in hewed stone, over the porch; but people have knocked off their heads and limbs, at different times, and have carried these away.

MONDAY EVENING, 13 OCT.

28. I have stayed all this day at Saint Omers on account of my horse being a little *lame*. I consulted a *French Farrier*, who told me he thought the horse only wanted fresh shoeing ; and charged me 15 *sous*, for his fee as horse-doctor, having, besides, come some distance to see the patient. Two new shoes for my horse cost me 2 francs ; but, the blacksmith said he charged, in this sum, 10 *sous* extra, on account of his having done the job in the *English fashion*, which is a little different from the French.

29. Having some time on my hands, I went to see the place, about a mile from Saint Omers, which was once the convent of a community of Carthusian Monks, and was called *Le Couvent des Chartreux*. This convent formerly possessed a great deal of wealth, and included, within its possessions, a considerable part of the surrounding country. That part of the land which is yet undivided, along with the remains of the convent, and the gardens, now belong to a gentleman of the name of DENIS, who is the Post-master at St. Omers, and who was so polite as to let me look at the gardens and the comparatively little that is

now to be seen of the ancient building. The greater part of the building appears to be entirely destroyed. There is still, however, a very commodious house remaining of it, some of which, in places that have not been patched up in a modern fashion, has a very venerable appearance. The remains of the once grand building, near to which is the modest looking dwelling-house of their present proprietor, are now made use of as the *farm-house* of the estate, being environéd by cart-houses, sheds, pig-sties, and the like, with which simple offices the altered aspect of the convent itself very well corresponds. In the gardens, which are protected by a part of their old walls, I saw a good deal of fine fruit, though there did not appear to be much care bestowed on its cultivation. The *pippin d'or*, and a large apple, called the *calvis*, were the best of the apples that I saw; but the pears, the *chautmontelle*, the *cuisse-dame*, the *poire de la Pucelle*, and a pear called the *mauquete*, were, I think, the finest pears I have ever seen, and grew here in great abundance. Excepting these fruits, there was not much vegetation in the garden, worth speaking of. I saw a little *false bridge* (*without any water under it*), and a little *mound of earth*, which I should not forget to mention, because the gardener informed me that these

had been made in imitation of our *English gardeners*. The *French gardener*, however, did not appear to have been enamoured of the bridge for any great length of time, for I could see that it was going to ruin very fast. There was a patch of *potatoes* here, and a plantation of young elm-trees. The elm-tree is much planted, alongside of roads and lanes, about houses; and in many of the fields; and these young trees that I saw, were intended to be planted out, in this way, on the estate.

30. This place, Saint Omers, has a population of 21,000 inhabitants, two or three thousand of whom are supposed to be *English people*. There is a good deal of manufacturing done here, of *cloth, glue, leather, starch, soap*, and some other things. There is a college, and a playhouse; to the latter of which I saw the citizens crowding yesterday, Sunday, evening. Saint Omers is a fortified town, though not of a *regular* form. The country about it is flat, and, to the north west, it is one continued *marsh* nearly all the way to Dunkirk. This country of marshes is very curious. It is a mass of fields and meadows *divided by water* instead of by hedges and other fences. Canals are the roads, ditches the lanes, and boats and rafts, the carts and wagons, and also the gates

and stiles. The land is rich ; it grows corn, carrots, parsnips, hemp, and *tobacco*, which latter is much cultivated in the vicinage of Saint Omers, or, correctly, *Omer*.

31. The *origin* of the name of this fine old city is curious and interesting. *Tradition* says, that OMER was a most pious and active man, and that he caused to be *drained the marshes* above mentioned, and enabled the people to cultivate them. There is not a farmer within ten miles of Saint Omers, or a farmer's wife, who will not tell you this. Nor is history silent as to the virtues and services of OMER, who, it appears, was born in the Vale of Goldenthal, near Constance, on the Upper Rhine. He is reported to have been of a rich and noble family, and to have entered in early life into the monastery of LUXEUIL. He was appointed Bishop of TEROUANE, by King DAGOBERT, in 636, in which office he greatly distinguished himself by his industry, zeal, and piety. The spot (and most probably a large tract round it) where Saint Omers now stands, was, at the period here spoken of, the domain, or part of the domain of a gentleman, who had been recently converted, and who bestowed it on the church. This spot, which was then called SITHUEU, was, under the direction of OMER,

aided by his nephew BERTIN, brought into cultivation; and on it OMER founded a monastery, which he called the monastery of SITHIEU, which flourished exceedingly. OMER died in 688; and Bertin, whom he had made the chief of the monastery of SITHIEU, died in 706, in a little hermitage to which he had retired. Gratitude to OMER caused the city, which rose up round the monastery, to be called by his name; and the same cause gave to the monastery the name of BERTIN. Hence come the names of this ancient city and of that famous convent, the fragment of the church of which I mentioned in paragraph 27.

SAINT POL—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

(Thirteen leagues from St. Omers, through Aire, Lillers, and Pernes.)

TUESDAY EVENING, 14 OCT.

32. My bill, for two day's board, and two night's lodging, at Saint Omers, amounted to 7 francs; and that for the keep of my horse during the two days and two nights, 6 francs. This was not a *heavy sum*, considering that I was treated with great civility, and that my fare was very good, although the inn was not the largest in the town. The French manner of cooking is so materially different from the

English, that it would be difficult for me to describe, with particularity, the sort of dinner that I got at this inn. The French are famed for eating a great deal of vegetable, and but little of animal food. I, however, have found it quite the contrary, as far as I could judge by what I saw of their cookery at Saint Omers ; for, while the people who dined at the *Table d'Hôte* ate meat in a great variety of shapes, I never saw *any* vegetables upon the table, except salad, which the French are very fond of, and some little pieces of carrot, onion, and garlick, which I found mingling together in the soups, fricassees, and ragouts.

33. As I came out of Saint Omers this morning, I took notice of a fine old church, which, I was informed, used to be called the *church of the Jesuits*. I perceived some strong marks of the Revolution upon its exterior, which is, in general, much defaced, while the gothic window-places are filled up by a negligent application of some old *hurdles* and *straw*, in the stead of *glass*, to keep the weather out. The inside of the church is converted into a *riding-school*, and a place in which to *break in young horses* !

34. **AIRB** is a fortified town of considerable

size, in which there are some manufactures like those of Saint Omers. It is situate at the confluence of the rivers Lys and Laquette. Lillers is a village of no note, in particular, on the river Navez; and Pernes is a village rather larger than Lillers, but one in which I could see nothing very interesting; as I may say, indeed, of most of the little places in this part of the country; for, except in their situation, or the views that surround them, they very seldom have any beauty belonging to them. The country towns and villages, unlike the generality of those in England, are dirty looking and confined in their streets. They have, however, almost without an exception, plenty of trees of various kinds planted about them, and this is a great advantage to their appearance.

35. The soil hereabouts is stiff, with a good deal of brick earth underneath the surface. In this part of the country the horse-bean forms a great proportion of the crop. It is cultivated here more for the fattening of pigs, than as food for horses. There is a vast quantity of beans on the land, generally in sheaves, and, now and then, some *yet growing*. The manner of harvesting these is, to *pull them up by the roots* (but they sometimes cut them), then bind them in sheaves and stack them.

I saw many women employed in harvesting the beans; indeed, I see women doing almost every kind of work that is to be done upon a farm. There are full as many *women* employed in the fields as there are *men*, and, I think, even more. They manage and harvest the *flax*, a good deal of which is grown here, and the *cress*, of the stalks of which they make *brooms*, after threshing out the seed, for *oil*. The women appear to do all the *turnep-hoeing* that is required here; but turneps do not seem to be by any means a general crop, for I see but few of them upon the land. The *dress* of the women that I see at work in the fields is coarser than that commonly worn by our labourers' wives and daughters; but, it exhibits very little of that *raggedness*, which now characterizes the dress of so large a portion of those who earn their bread by hard work in England.

36. Along here I see the farmers use a swing-plough, a very good implement, as light as the English swing-plough, and as neatly made as our ploughs generally are. The *poppy* is one of the crops cultivated in this part. They make use of the poppy, I understand, for medical purposes altogether. Numbers of women are busy in the harvesting of

these poppies, which they tie up in bundles, when dry, and put into stacks, when the seed is not collected *in the field*. In some places I see a parcel of women in a field of poppies, with a large piece of sackcloth spread upon the ground to catch the seed, which they get out of the pods by *knocking the heads of two bundles of poppies together*; just as good mothers in England very often threaten to do with the heads of their children, when two of them happen to be participators in one fault.

37. In the neighbourhood of this place, Saint Pol, is the little village of AZINCOUR, on the plains of which was fought the famous battle called the *Battle of Azincour*, in the reign of Henry the Fifth.—Fine weather to-day.

AMIENS—PROVINCE OF PICARDY.

(*Fourteen and a half leagues, through Doulens, Fravant and Talmas.*)

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 15 OCT.

38. To-day I saw the people in the fields threshing out the seeds of flax, which they do with a solid piece of thick flat board, or slab, fastened on to a handle; with this thing they rap the flax about on a barn's floor, or on some

boards or canvass laid down for the purpose, in the fields. Of poppies, also, there is harvesting going on here. Oats and vetches are much sowed *together*, as in England, for fodder; and they cut them here just as the seed of each begins to get *hard*, letting them lay on the ground for some time, till sufficiently dry, and then they are stacked like hay. The oats in this part of the country are good; though, further towards Calais, they are very indifferent. This has been, they inform me, a singularly backward season for oats; and I can see this, indeed, by the quantity of that crop that remains yet unhoused. The other crops that I see upon the ground are buckwheat, carrots, and beets, with some red clover, which is now being made into hay, notwithstanding the lateness of the season. Much red clover is grown, as in England, along with wheat and barley, for feeding the sheep on, and cutting for hay the next year. Weather fine, but cold.

39. I saw something coming along the road, which was quite a novelty to me, although I had often heard speak of such before: it was a young woman riding on a horse, which was *in the shafts of a cart*, and drawing a load of flax to the farm-yard. The peculiar *manner of*

sitting upon the horse is what I think worthy of mention, and that was, what we in England vulgarly call a *straddle*.

40. Between this place and Saint Pol I passed through a village called Boucmaison. It is a *village of farm-houses*, a thing very common here, where there are not, as in England, two or three or more good large farm-houses to be found within every mile square over the country. The greater part of the country I have come over is very open, and the farm-houses are not so much distributed over the land as they are in England, but are to be found in the little hamlets and villages, which they serve, in great measure, to compose. This village appeared to have scarcely any other than farm-houses in it. They were almost all built in one fashion, and of one size, with their ends, instead of their fronts, facing towards the road. Joining that end of the house which is furthest from the road, there is, in general, a continuation of the roof, under which is the cart-house, stable, pigsty, and other out-places belonging to the farm-yard. The walls of every house, as far as I could see, were made of *mud*, and the roofs thatched with straw. The frames of the house were very slight, and the mud

walls built up in a rough manner ; and in no case did I observe, except in that of one house only, that there was any *white-wash* on the outside of the mud. It is probable that the name of this place, *Boucmaison*, owes its derivation to the two French words *boue* and *maison*, which, in English, mean *mud* and *house*.

41. The country is more woody as I come on. About here there is much fine beech timber, with some oaks, and coppices of hazel and withy, and various other sorts of mixed underwood. Much of the sowed wheat is *up* ; but I see some of the farmers now sowing wheat.

42. The city of Amiens, which is the capital of this province, is on the river Somme, and has a good deal of manufactures in it. It has formerly, I believe, been well fortified, but does not seem to be so at present. Population, 40,000. The gothic cathedral is well worth going to see. It is a beautiful building ; and is, I am told, the most complete specimen of its style of architecture that now remains in France.

SAINT JUST—PROVINCE OF PICARDY.

(Thirteen leagues from Amiens, through Hebercourt, Flers, Breteuil, and Wavignies.)

THURSDAY EVENING, 16 OCT.

43. My bill at Amiens amounted to 4 francs and 10 sous. I supped and lodged at the inn, and gave my horse as much as he chose to eat. At the *Table d'Hôte*, at which I supped, there were eight or nine persons besides myself. Here I observed, as I have done before, the great quantity of *meat* upon the table, and the comparatively small quantity of *vegetables*. After we had disposed of divers ragouts and fricassees, a roasted shoulder of mutton was brought in, hot from the spit. I had witnessed the cooking of this as I sat by the kitchen fire before supper, but had not thought of having any of it to eat. However, I saw that the shoulder of mutton was considered as no superfluity by those who had to deal with it, for it was almost entirely consumed before it had been a long while upon the table. ROSSEAU says, that the French people are more gentle and humane than the English; that they have not so much cruelty, or bloodthirstiness, in their character, as we have. He accounts for this assumed fact by supposing that we eat too much of *animal food*,

which is not sufficiently cooked; while his countrymen, on the contrary, subsist, in a great measure, on *legumes*, or vegetables. If I had adopted the principle of this great author, in judging of the company in which I supped at Amiens, their manner of treating the *shoulder of mutton* must have induced me to doubt their possession of that *humanity* which, from the courteousness of their behaviour, I gave them full credit for.

44. I find the ostlers at inns quite *polite* enough, though, in point of *work*, very different from the same class of people in England. To clean a horse they make use of a curry-comb and a brush (which are imported from England for the purpose); but, they will not *fatigue themselves* in their application of these instruments, as I have experienced in the case of my own horse, which has not had a real cleaning since I left Dover. I have desired, upon all occasions, that he should be well cleaned; but I have met with no ostler that seemed willing to understand what I meant, if I wanted him to keep on combing or brushing my horse for more than a very few minutes at a time. To *wash a horse* is not an uncommon thing here. I do not mean the legs of the horse merely, but almost all over

the carcass of the animal, even when the travelling is not at all muddy. *Passer à l'eau*, which means, *to pass*, or *to go through the water*, is the expression they make use of, when they talk of taking your horse to the river or pond. The horse is ridden into the water up to his belly, and then, on his coming out again, if he stand in need of any dressing above where the water has reached, the ostler dismounts, and, taking some water up in his hand, or with a whip of straw, dashes it over the upper parts of the horse's body. At Amiens, when I got up early this morning to start, I found, when I went into the stable, that my horse had been washed! He was wet nearly all over. It was a clear cold morning; and my horse, just returned from the watering-place, stood in the midst of a *little fog*, if I may so describe it, produced by the co-operation of the warmth of his body along with the cold water which had been thrown over him by the ostler. While I stood wondering to see my nag in such a pickle, the ostler came up to me, and, making me a very polite bow, said, "I salute you, Sir; you see I have passed your horse through the water." He gave me, at the same time, a very arch smile, which seemed to say, "*does he not look nice now?*" What *could* I say to such a fellow as this?

45. I have mentioned before, the *rows of trees* that grow on each side of the road that I am travelling. From Calais to this place, with scarcely any open interval, there are these two rows of trees all the way. Elm-trees appear to be the favourites ; but, from Talmas to Saint Just, a distance of more than *twenty leagues*, *apple* and *pear trees* have been employed in this capacity for the whole distance, to the exclusion of all others. The fruit of these trees is very insipid. The trees do not seem to have been selected at all for their fruit : indeed, most of them appear to have come *from seed*, without any attention being paid to them on any account but that of their wood. They grow about the fields, as well as alongside of the roads ; and of the apples, such as they are, a good deal of *cider* is made. I tasted some of this at Flers, where I stopped to breakfast, and it was poor stuff, but, as I was told, very cheap.

46. I saw, as I passed through some little villages, which are composed of *farm-houses*, for the most part, several women *threshing wheat and rye* with a flail, of the same description as that used by the English threshers. Women also going to market, leading asses and mules, of which animals great use is made

here. On the backs of these they bring loads of vegetables of all sorts to the markets of the larger towns and villages.

47. The soil here is rather lighter, with much chalk, in places, on the surface. Sainfoin much cultivated. Some lucerne; the greenest crop on the ground, except the coleseed (*colsa*; they call it here: our name is a corruption), which is a very general crop, all along the road. Sheep here; two kinds, *Flemish sheep*; and *Spanish sheep*; the latter, in some places, looking very well. They tell me that these have *degenerated* in France; but they are far the best, in every respect, that I have seen yet. The *Flemish sheep* are very poor things; coarse in the fleece, long-legged, like deer, and light in the carcass. There are, however, some of these that are pretty good sheep; but, comparing the best of them with almost any kind of our *English sheep*, they are decidedly *bad*.

48. I stopped to breakfast to-day at Flers. I paid 1 franc for my breakfast, and 5 sous for a feed of oats for my horse. The *coffee* that they gave me here was exceedingly good; but I have found this good every where in France. Bread, of which the French eat a

great deal, is very good here. The inn at which I put up at Flers was, as is frequently the case in this country, a *farm-house* as well as an *inn*. The generality of the inns have, as respects the interior part of them, very much the appearance of an old-fashioned English *farm house*. The fire-place of the kitchen, in particular, is just such as we see in all the old English farm-houses; but, in general, the kitchens here are very *dirty*, and the floor of the dining room, whether it be boarded or paved, seldom looks as if it had been lately washed. A labourer at Flers gets from 1 to 2 and a half francs a day, according to his abilities; journeymen carpenters, bricklayers, and the like, about the same. The price of beef here is 8 sous the pound; mutton the same. A loaf of bread, about the size of the English quartern loaf, sells for 5 sous; a turkey, 3 francs; a pair of ducks, 3 francs; a pair of fowls, 2 francs. I saw a large flock of turkeys, about fifty in number, roving in the stubble fields, with a girl to take care of them. These were like the *wild turkeys* in America, not very large, but the whole of them as black as crows.

49. Between this and Amiens, near a little village called Aicanois, there is a *vineyard*,

consisting, perhaps, of about fifty acres. The untowardness of the season had rendered the crop of grapes very indifferent. This is the first piece of vineyard that I have seen on the road. The vines were growing very low, tied to little sticks, as our *carnations* are tied up in the gardens in England; and, from all the ideas I had had of *vines*, before I saw these, I could not conceive at first what sort of vegetables they could be.

50. I remark, as I go along, that the common people are very civil and obliging, whenever I ask them any questions about what I do not myself understand. There is nothing uncouth, nothing *boorish*, in their manners. They explain to you, as well as they can, what you want to be made acquainted with; and, when they do not instantly comprehend your meaning, they seem as anxious to anticipate it, as if you were not a *stranger*, but rather one to whom they have been used to talk. This is a great merit, and a mark of intelligence in the French people. It enables you to *get along* with them, which they cannot well do with us in England. A Frenchman is most completely out of his element in England; while an Englishman in France, though the country may appear very

strange at first, finds, in the courtesy of the people, a great deal to reconcile him to the strangeness of their customs.

51. Hereabouts they have much wheat land. The stubble is now being cut, tied up in bundles, and carried in as litter for the cattle in winter. I see, in many farm-houses, *knitting* and *spinning* going on, and some *looms*, one or two in a house, which are worked mostly by the women.

52. When I got to this place, there was to be, in two days' time, a *fair*, for the sale of cattle. I saw some men, a most simple looking description of horse-jockeys, with their horses, which they had brought to be sold at the fair. These horses were, generally, colts, just fit to work; and some of them were very pretty horses. They were all nearly of one breed, such as they use for the plough, for farmers to ride upon, and for post-horses; in all which various capacities, according to the manner of the French, they are employed. These horses had shape to recommend them. They were, mostly, of a middling size, and much of the same make as a light English cart-horse. The price of one of them here is, they tell me, about 300 francs, or 12*l.* 10*s.*

53. The corn is ground here almost entirely by *windmills*, half a dozen of which are very nearly always, at a time, to be seen, in travelling along the road. There are some mills turned by water, but comparatively few.

ECOUEN—PROVINCE OF ISLE DE FRANCE.

(*Fourteen leagues from Saint Just, through Clermont, Laigneville, Chantilly, and Luzarches.*)

FRIDAY EVENING, 17 OCT.

54. The soil here is stiff, with a good deal of chalk and lime-stone. There are some fine coppices of oak, and some good oak timber.

55. Early this morning, on leaving Saint Just, I saw some sheep in a *fold*. The fold was made of hurdles, much like those used in our sheep-folding. But the *care* of the sheep here is somewhat different from that of the English. The shepherd, accompanied by two or three dogs, is (unlike some *pastors* elsewhere) *always along with his flock*. He attends them through the day, while they are roving about; and, in the night, he sleeps alongside of the *fold*, in a small wooden house, which is placed *upon wheels*, as a cart is, with a pole to draw it from place to place, as the fold itself may have to be removed.

56. Some *hemp* is grown here, I see; but most of the land is *wheat* and *oat* land, with some *lucerne* for the cows. *Stick beans* (*haricot*, the French call them,) are cultivated here for the table. The French eat these boiled; that is, the *seed* part of the bean, after it is ripe and hard. I saw an old lady carrying some of these off the ground. There was, growing in rows, in the interval between the rows of beans, a winter crop of some plant. I asked her the name of this plant, which, she informed me, was *chardon* (thistle). It is a sort of thistle that we call *teazle*, and these *teazles* were raised, she said, to be sent to the manufacturing towns, for the *dressing of cloth*, in which they are used, I believe, to give the cloth a *fine nap*, which operation the French call *chardoner*, that is to say, *to thistle it*, or, *to scratch it with a thistle*.

57. There are some few vines near Saint Just, and some in the neighbourhood of Clermont, a little town on the river Oise, a fine clear river, where they climb up the fruit trees, and look very ornamental growing in this way.

58. Chantilly, an ancient little place, and formerly the seat of much nobility, is a manufacturing town, with a fine canal running

by it. The manufacture is, principally, of *linen*. Luzarches (formerly a country resort of the famous Rosseau,) has also some manufacture belonging to it, of *lace*. I do not wonder that Rosseau should have been attached to this part of the country (comparing it with all that which I have passed through), for it certainly is very pretty. There is, between Laigneville and Chantilly, a pretty village called Crai, which is also, I believe, on the river Oise, as well as Clermont; and another village called Lamorlai, near Luzarches. These places are all very prettily situated; though I cannot say much for the *habitations* of the people, which have no signs of taste or neatness about them.

59. I saw a man coming out of Clermont with a load of *fagots*. The price of these, he informed me, was 40 francs for 50 fagots: he having then 50 fagots on his cart, which made a good load for two strong horses.

60. In coming from Clermont to Ecouen, there is much wood on the sides of the road, and some *locust* trees, evidently planted by hand. I had a fine morning; but got to Ecouen just before the fall of a heavy rain, which came on this evening.

PARIS, SATURDAY NOON, 18 OCT.

61. At Ecouen there is a fine castle, built about three hundred years ago by the Duc DE MONTMORENCY. I met with the steward of the estate last evening, while at Ecouen, and I went early this morning, on my road to Paris, to see him at the castle, as he had invited me so to do. This gentleman showed me all over the castle, a fine old building, in the Dutch style. He pointed out to me, as we went from one part of it to another, the signal alterations that it had undergone during the Revolution, accompanying his observations with many shrugs of regret on account of those effects, and as many expressions of devotedness to the royal family of his master, the present possessor of the castle, who is the Duc DE BOURBON. The *chapel* of the castle is a beautiful little place. It occupies one corner of the castle, which is a very large building, comprising, within its own extent, an open space, of a square shape, and of about thirty square yards. The castle has a sort of fortification round it, so that, to enter the square, you have to pass over a *bridge*, which is the only way of admittance. On one side of the castle, you look, from a terrace, immediately over the town of Ecouen and the neighbourhood, which lie be-

neath its site ; and on the opposite side the building is sheltered by a very pretty coppice of hazel, beech, and chestnut, with many of the *locust* tree, of which there is a good deal about the town of Ecouen. I do not know whether these trees are precisely what the Americans call the *locust*. They are not, however, the *rose acacia*, but one of the larger species, though none of them have arrived at any considerable size ; and they seem to be of a kind more diminutive than the true locust.

62. When I got to Ecouen, I found the ostler at the inn quite *drunk*. This is the first person that I have seen, in France, so far under the influence of liquor. He was not, however, a Frenchman ; but a *German*, as I was told by the landlady.

63. The land, between Ecouen and Paris (a good stiff soil) is, for the most part, employed for the cultivation of *vines*, and in the raising of vegetables for Paris market. The people here were gathering grapes into baskets, and then putting them into little wooden vats, ready for the first process of making the wine.

64. The roads, all the way from Calais to

Paris, are very good ; though not so even as those made by the hard-used “*paupers*,” who crack the stones to make our roads in England. From Saint Omers to Pernes, and from Saint Just to Paris, the middle of the road is *paved*, leaving room, on each side of the pavement, for a carriage to pass. The paving is done with a sort of stone, which is found along with the limestone, like what we call burstone in England.



SUNDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY ;
19, 20, & 21 Oct.

65. As I pass but *three whole days* in this city, it cannot be expected that I should be very *particular* in my notice of it here. It is said, that Paris contains a population of 750,000 souls. Nevertheless, it is, compared with London, almost a small place. It is about a *fourth part* the size of London : not a bit more, I am certain, if you include the environs of both places. On entering the busy part of the city, you see very little difference, in its construction, between it and the city part of London, that is to say, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Lombard Street, and the rest of those streets in London, in which there is so much passing, and so much difficulty to pass. The houses are high, and the streets are narrow. There

are not, as in London, any separate pavements for *foot-passengers* to go upon : so that, on this account, the general confusion of the streets is even greater than that which is observed in the streets of London. There are scarcely *any fine streets*. Nothing like the *west-end* of London : no straight, broad streets, with fine houses, throughout, all of one order and size. —The river Seine, which passes through the town, so as to divide it into nearly two equal parts, has *fifteen bridges*, crossing it from one part of the town to the other, just as London Bridge crosses the Thames to communicate with the Borough of Southwark. One of these bridges is, I believe, built upon the principle discovered by Mr. PAINE. It is made of *iron*; and, from the style of its construction, looks very light and elegant.—Paris is not so *black* as London is, owing to the use of *wood-fuel* instead of *coal*.

66. I have seen nothing in England to equal some of the buildings here. Except the public buildings, there are few that have any grandeur about them; but some of the *palaces* here are very fine. We have nothing in England to be compared with the *Tuileries*, which is the habitation of the King, and which, though in the middle of the city, has

a spacious and beautiful park in front of it. The *Palais du Luxembourg*, in which is the *Chamber of Peers*, is a palace, nearly as grand in itself, with a garden, or park, even finer than that of the *Tuileries*. The *Tuileries* is about ten times as capacious, and full ten times as grand, as the palace of our King in Pall-mall. The palace called the *Louvre* is little more than an enlargement, or a continuation, of that of the *Tuileries*; but it is, in itself, a noble building, though not yet finished. The greater part of the *Louvre* was built by BUONAPARTE, who was the projector of it; and the scaffolding, erected to complete it, is now rotting as it stands; because the present disposers of such places do not like the idea of finishing a job which was begun under the direction of a person of so obnoxious a name. The *Palais de Justice* is a beautiful building, of modern structure, but not of such reverend aspect as the buildings of *Westminster Hall* and *Guild Hall*. The *Palais Royale*, originally the palace of, and built by, CARDINAL RICHLIEU, and which was confiscated during the Great Revolution, is now a sort of market-place for all sorts of fashionable merchandize. It forms a large square, the interior space of which is a favourite resort for *promenade*; while the great range of building is divided into *coffee-*

houses, milliners' and tailors' shops, shops of trinket-sellers, and the like. The inner parts of some of the churches are very magnificent; but I see no churches in Paris, excepting that of *Nôtre Dame*, which is the metropolitan church, to equal some of our ancient cathedrals in external appearance. The *Museum of Natural History* (the only one of the museums in Paris that I have seen), and the collection of *live animals*, are superior, by far, to any thing of the kind that we have in England. The famous *Garden of Plants*, (*Jardin des Plantes*), is, I am told, well worthy of the esteem in which it is held; but, it is not, however, any thing like so beautiful a place as *Kew Garden*, either in point of its laying out, or of its plantations of trees. One great recommendation to this garden is, that it is open to the inspection of every one; as are, also, both the two former institutions.—The Corn Market, (*Halle aux Grains*), is a good large solid building, situated in the middle of the city. It is, in form, just like the *cupola* or *dome* of St. Paul's Cathedral; that is to say, round at its base, and rising up into the shape of one half of a perfect oval.

67. Almost the whole of the buildings in Paris are made of a soft sandy stone, which

they cover over with a white plaster, or cement. The stones that form the walls are rough, and not regular in shape or size; but the cement, which is laid smooth over the outside of the walls, and then scored with a trowel into square or oblong shapes, makes the houses appear as if they were composed of a solid white stone; and as there is no black smoke arising from the fuel made use of by the inhabitants, the city (like the country towns, which are generally built of the same material) has, at a distance, a much brighter look than that of London, or any of our principal towns in England.

68. In the Garden of Plants I saw a specimen of a new invented *thatch*, for the roofs of dwelling houses or out-buildings. It was, in fact, nothing more than an imitation of the *beehive*, the straw being laid on across the skeleton of the roof, in little handfuls at a time, one upon another, each being separately bound round tight with a piece of rope-yarn, or some of the bark of brambles. The straw, after being laid on in this manner, must be covered by a thin coat of lime plaster, to turn the weather. This mode of covering a roof would be a great saving in straw; nevertheless, I think the old fashioned way of thatch-

ing, without the coat of plaster on the outside, is more neat and handsome, by far.

69. The land just round Paris consists in vineyards, or in gardens full of various sorts of vegetables for the market of Paris, and walled gardens, for the cultivation of peach, apricot, nectarine, and plum-trees. There are very few *fences* made use of, besides the walls, which are built for the trees to grow against; and many of these walls, though close by so large a place as Paris, are built quite in the open, at a distance from any house, not *enclosing* a piece of ground, but merely *one line of wall*; so that, if the people passing were inclined to *steal* the fine fruit that grows in this way, they might, without hinderance; nevertheless, the gardeners (who garden for *profit*) do not find any reason to apprehend such depredation.

70. At a league from Paris, at a village called Montreuil, there lived a gentleman, nearly a century back, of the name of GIRARDOT, who, by his example, taught the people in his neighbourhood the mode of cultivating *peach-trees* and other wall fruit. His house is still remaining, but his garden is not. The whole village of Montreuil is, however, like

some other little places in the vicinity of Paris, now almost entirely inhabited by people depending on the cultivation of wall fruit. At Montreuil there is about a *hundred acres of land*, every particular half acre, quarter of an acre, or half quarter of an acre of which has a separate wall to enclose it; so that, the quantity of wall fruit that is grown here annually must be immense. I went into the garden of a Mr. MERIELLE, who showed me how these walls are constructed. They are first built up in a rough manner, of the soft stone which I mentioned in paragraph 67. Then a stiff cement, like that which they apply to the walls of the houses, is made use of, to fill up all the cavities between the rough stones, The cement should be laid thick upon the face of the wall, not only to make it smooth, but to give a hold to the *nails*, which are to hold the branches and shoots of the trees, and which are tacked into this plaster or cement, just as we tack ours into the mortar between the bricks of our garden walls. On the top of the wall there must be made a little *roof*, or projection, of about six inches from each side of the top of the wall. This roof is easily added to the wall, by the use of the same materials as those employed to erect the wall itself. The *roof* is necessary to guard

the tree from blight and bad weather. This prevention is effected by suspending from the roof a *straw mat*, which is made for the express purpose, and which, being thus suspended in front of the tree, forms a perfect protection to it when it is in bloom, or at any time when danger may be apprehended to it from the state of the weather or the season. The peaches grown against these walls are sold for from one sou to four sous a-piece, according to their size or flavour; but, all the fruit was *gone*. I came rather too late in the season, and could not, therefore, see a specimen of it. I saw nothing in the manner of training the fruit trees here that was different from the manner in which the same trees are trained in England. The peaches here are budded generally upon *almond-stocks*, which are preferred to *plum-stocks*, as being more of the same nature as that of the peach itself. Some of the peach-trees that I saw were upwards of *sixty years old*; nevertheless, they had, from good management, plenty of young wood upon them, and had borne well this year.

71. There is a *duty*, in the form of a percentage, levied upon all articles brought into the market of Paris. The duty is not, how-

ever, sufficiently heavy to make any considerable difference in the price of provisions of any kind. The money which is collected in this way is employed in nearly the same manner as are the funds of a corporation in England. All towns, of any importance, have this regulation attached to them. A little way from the walls of the principal towns there is a gate, at which those who may be bringing any thing to market must stop to have it inspected. Coming into Paris I passed through a gate, at which I saw two or three men standing, each of them having an instrument in his hand which looked much like a *kitchen-spit*: a long sharp piece of iron, with which they pierced the loads of hay and straw as they came through the gate to market, in order to prevent any thing like *smuggling*.

72. Paris, compared with London, is, in one respect, strikingly different. There are very few houses here, that do not appear to have been built for some years. New houses are, of course, erected, in the place of those that fall to ruin from age. But, what I mean to say is, that Paris does not seem, like London, to *increase in size*: the number of new buildings in it appear to be very little more, if any, than just sufficient to make the town cover

the same space of ground as that which it must have extended over twenty or thirty years ago. There is nothing at all of what, about London, they call "*a box*:" that is to say, a genteel, new-fashioned, and miserably inconvenient small house, with a very small piece of grass-plot, in which there are two or three fancifully carved patches of bare earth, for the cultivation of some "exotics," which, either for the want of their native sun, or the want of experience in the planter of them, are never seen to grow after the time of their being stuck into the ground.

CHAILLY—PROVINCE OF ISLE DE FRANCE.

(*Eleven and a half leagues from Paris, through Villejuif, Fromenteau, Essonne, and Ponthierry.*),

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 22 OCT.

73. The hotel at which I put up at Paris (*Hotel de Meurice*) belongs to the same person as the hotel at which I was in Calais. This is the most superb hotel that I ever saw any where; and, like some other establishments of the kind here, is supported, almost entirely, by the custom of English visitors. I did not dine or sup at this place, all the while that I stayed in Paris, being abroad the greater part of my time, either walking about, or at the

house of my friend, who is a gentleman residing in the city. I shall, however, give the particulars of the *charges*, as far as I had any to pay, at the Hotel de Meurice. For breakfasting here five days, I paid 10 francs. For four nights' lodging, 12 francs. For lights, 1 franc and 10 sous. For boot cleaning, 1 franc and 5 sous. For servants, that is to say, the *waiter's fee* (which was charged in the bill), 4 francs. In all, 28 francs and 15 sous. I could not have expected a bill of less serious amount, at a place where the accommodation was so very good as I found it here. I paid for my horse, 14 francs, reckoning the feeding and care of him to have been for *four days*, which is at the rate of 3 francs and 10 sous a day. At the ordinary hotels or inns in France, a traveller's horse will not cost him much more than one half of what I paid here for mine. My horse has cost me, I think, upon an average, about 2 francs a day, on my road from Calais to Paris; which is about *one third* of what he would have cost, in a similar situation, in England. In London, a horse, by *the week*, costs, at livery, 4 francs a day, every thing included; and, if he stand for a day or two, as mine did at Paris, he does not, including every thing, cost less than five shillings a day; that is to say 6 francs.

74. The land is good all about Paris, as far as I could see. The greater part of the cultivation, for some distance round the city, seems to be that of *vines*, from which, owing to the *backward season*, which has affected this part of France as well as England, the grapes are not all yet gathered. The grapes of this year are not good, compared with those of common seasons; they are very small, and will not make as good wine as what is generally made near Paris. The lovers of wine ought to be select as to the *years* when their stock is produced; for the wine of some years is not, though from the same ground, nearly so good as the wine of other years.

75. The face of the country, just after coming to Fromenteau, at about three leagues from Paris, forms, I think, the most beautiful scenery of the kind that I ever beheld. Just as you look over the hill, on one side of which is situated the little village of Fromenteau, a fine view presents itself to your sight. There is a space of perfectly flat land, through the middle of which the road is cut, and which is about two or three miles square. On one side of the road you see fine water meadows on the River Orge, and, after getting on to the level below, you are surrounded, in every direction,

by hills, sloping gently up from all sides of the open plain, and covered with vines and fruit-trees and plantations and parks, and little villages, each having its church and spire, scattered about among the trees, the foliage of which is, at this time of the year, very various and rich in hue. This view extends from Fromenteau to another little village called Ris. On leaving Ris to come to Essonne, which is at about another three leagues distant, and situated on the river Juine or Essonne, the view of the country is still more beautiful. The river Seine runs along here, and goes off to the left; and, on my right hand, I had to lament a like departure of a delightful valley which winds across the country away from the road I am travelling. I think this valley, as far as I was able to follow it with my eye, was the very prettiest of all rural scenery that I remember to have seen. It is on the sides of hills, like those which were here most elegantly disposed by nature, that the *vine* flourishes most. Here the vines were growing finely, and covered almost every hill, as far as I could see, except in those places where ornamental trees and orchards gave a variety to this enchanting landscape, which I could not lose sight of without congratulating my-

self on having seen “ *The vine covered hills and gay regions of France.*”

76. I observe, here, a method of training peach trees, and other wall fruit, which I did not see at Montreuil. Against some of the walls in gentlemen's gardens there are rods, quite straight and round, with the bark left on, and about an inch in diameter. The rods are placed against the wall, long-ways and perpendicular, so as to cross one another, like *lattice work*, leaving square spaces of about six or eight inches. Placed in this manner, and fastened together, the rods form a *frame* for the trees, or vines, to grow against; and as the branches and shoots must be kept, by means of this frame, from touching the wall, they are, perhaps, more healthy than they would be, being fastened to the wall itself instead of to these rods.

77. In the neighbourhood of Paris, particularly about Fromenteau and Essonne, there are some fine gentlemen's seats, or castles. The word *castle* is, in French, *chateau*. But by *chateau*, the French seldom, or never, mean a *place of defence*, but merely a large country mansion. The truth is, however, that every

large country house was, formerly, a *place of defence*. It was generally encompassed by a *moat*, or wet ditch. It had *turrets* and *parapets* and *loop-holes*. The same custom prevailed in England; but in France it prevailed to a much later period; and accordingly the French have continued to call their large country mansions, *castles*, which indeed have, in many cases, still their ancient appurtenances of turrets and the like. There is a great display of good taste in the laying out of the grounds belonging to country mansions in France, but such places are very scarce here compared to what they are in England. The vicinity of London is overstocked with fine houses, while Paris, comparatively speaking, has nothing of the kind about it. There seem to be scarcely any more large buildings within five leagues of Paris than I have seen at fifty leagues from it. Almost all of the large establishments of this kind appear to have existed for many years, and have belonged, no doubt, the greater part of them, to the nobility that were ejected during the Revolution. The plantations and parks that encircle these places in France have been laid out with much taste. There is hardly any of that appearance of art which is very frequently the case with us in England. A gentleman's castle, or country house, here,

looks as if it had been built up amongst the trees: not the trees as if they had been planted about the castle. It is about gentlemen's houses only that I have seen any *quick-set hedges*, of any consequence, on the road from Calais to this place. When I do see these hedges they are, in general, kept in very nice order. Upon some of the plain lands in Picardy, there are, here and there, plantations of trees in square patches, of about an acre each, with close quick-set hedges to enclose them. These plantations have been allowed to grow into thick coppice, and are intended, I suppose, as a protection to the *game*, where the land lies so open.



PUITS DE LALLANDE—PROVINCE OF ISLE DE
FRANCE.

(*Thirteen and a half leagues from Chailly, through Fontainebleau, Nemours, La Croisiere, and Fontenay.*)

THURSDAY NIGHT, 23 OCT.

78. Soon after leaving Chailly, to come this way, I entered the *Forest of Fontainebleau*. This forest is said to be full *twelve leagues* in circumference, and to contain 34,000 acres of woodland. The timber in the forest has been well cultivated. There are some fine plantations of oaks, planted in rows, now got

to be of a large size ; besides plantations of various other sorts of trees, quite lately made. The *beeches* and the *oaks*, especially the latter, tower up more here than they generally do in England. The timber is much like that of America ; taller, and straighter in its growth, than the English timber is. I think I saw some timber in this forest as fine, almost, as I ever saw in any wood in America.

79. The town of Fontainebleau is surrounded by its forest, the land of which is very rocky and mountainous in places, much resembling the wild woodlands of America. You enter the town from the forest, and the forest continues again on the road which I am travelling. The manufactures of Fontainebleau consist, principally, in *porcelaine*. The neighbourhood is famous for a fine sort of grape, which is called *Chasselas de Fontainebleau*. This place owes its importance, almost entirely, to a castle, which was built here a great many years ago. The castle, which has been the residence of many of the kings of France, is yet in very good order, although it is one of the most ancient castles that remain in this country.

80. Nemours is a little town on the river


Loing. This river runs, after you leave Nemours, through some beautiful water meadows, which continue along on the right hand side of the road, for a whole day's ride. Feeding on these meadows I saw a great many cows, of a pretty little sort; just such as, in England, we call the French or Alderney cow. The kinds of cows that I have seen further back seemed to be much mixed; but, in this part of the country, the cows are very distinct in their species, as well as very handsome. They are small, and of different colours; red, yellow, brown, and black, and a mixture of all these colours with white. I observed, as soon as I began to see these cows, that the *butter* was vastly superior to any I had tasted before; and, upon inquiry, I find that Montargis, a town between this place and Briarre, is celebrated for the goodness of its butter. One of the best of these little cows may be bought for 60 francs. A good farmer's horse here sells for 200 or 250 francs; or, about 8l.

8l. I saw a labourer, to-day, on the road, who was going to work, having a pickaxe upon his shoulder. He told me that he could get, at this time of the year, $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc a-day; or, 1 franc, the employer finding him in food.

82. There is a good deal of wine made along here. The people are yet harvesting the grapes. This business would have been about finished by this time, had not the untowardness of the season, even as far South as this, had sufficient influence to retard the ripening of the fruit.

83. I perceive that there are more shepherdesses in this country than there are shepherds. The women and the girls are attending the flocks of sheep and herds of cows, and the flocks of *turkeys*, which latter are, here, to be seen in great numbers. While they look after these animals, assisted by many dogs, they are employed, at the same time, in dressing hemp and flax, and knitting woollen stockings and gloves. The hemp and the flax they afterwards spin, and then sell the yarn, or get it converted, by some of their neighbours who have looms, into shirts and sheets, and various other articles of wearing apparel, and articles for domestic use. A great deal of this manufacture is going on in all the villages and hamlets that I pass by. The weather is now beautiful and mild, as it has been ever since I got to Paris; and the women sit outside of their houses, in their gardens, or alongside of the fields, knitting and spinning, and dressing hemp and flax.

84. The people, that is to say, the peasantry, or country-folks, wear a wooden shoe, which they call *sabot*, and which is made somewhat in the same shape as a rough leather shoe, there being a strap of leather, round the sole of the sabot and over the wearer's instep, to keep it on the foot. Towards Calais the sabot is not so common, but here it is much more commonly worn by the labouring people than shoes made of leather are. Some fellow, in an English play, execrates the French, *because they wear wooden shoes*. What difference, however, is there between these and the *nailed shoes* of our labourers? The *sabot* is lighter, very little less stiff, and a better security against wet. Most excellent things, when you are compelled to stand long on wet or damp ground.



BRIARRE—PROVINCE OF GASTINOIS.

(*Twelve and a half leagues from Puits de Lallande, through Montargis, La Commodité, Nogent, and La Bussiere.*)

FRIDAY NIGHT, 24 OCT.

85. This morning, as I was leaving Puits de Lallande, I saw some oxen, which were on their way to Paris market. There were three different kinds of cattle, which were called, after the names of the several parts of the

country in which they are bred, *Bourbonnois*, *Lyonnois*, and *Nevernois*. The *Bourbonnois* are of a cream colour, all over; the *Lyonnois* are white with red spots; and the *Nevernois* are white, with yellow spots. They are all very good looking, though not very large cattle. All the kinds were much of one form and size. They were grazing cattle, and in excellent condition; and they were more like the Scotch kilos than any other of our cattle that I can compare them to.—The price of a new plough here, is, as I was informed by a wheelwright, about 50 francs; a cart, 70 francs; a wagon, 110 francs.

86: I see great flocks of fine black turkeys, in the stubbles, all along the road. The price of one of these turkeys is, about 2 francs; a goose, about the same price; and a common fowl, about 10 or 15 sous; or, 7½d.

87. No crops unharvested, here, except some buck-wheat, and a few potatoes. The potatoe is not, in France, the same grand article of consumption that it is with us. The French cut potatoes up into little thin slices, and toss them about in a frying-pan. But the comparatively small quantity of this sort of cookery that they eat, makes it appear more


like playing with potatoes than feeding upon them.

88. The inhabitants of the little towns, and the villages, on this side of Paris, are cleaner in their dress, and about their houses, than the people of Picardy or Artois. The dress of the labouring people here is certainly better than that of the labourers in England ; but, it is not so neat nor so clean. The Americans say of the French people, that they are *pigs in the parlour and peacocks in the street*. This is a thorough saying, to be sure ; it is somewhat hyperbolical ; but it is not, if I may judge from what I have already noticed, wholly unfounded in truth.

89. From Nogent I came over a flat and uninteresting district of country, the soil of which seemed to be any thing but good ; but, a very different view is presented, the moment you catch sight of Briarre, and the beautiful river Loire, close on the border of which are situated those farms of Beauvoir, which were advertised, in London, by Mr. HOGGART, as being so free from all taxes, tithes, and poor-rates.

90. As I approached this neighbourhood, I

saw a great many *chestnut-trees* growing on the sides of the road. The chestnut is a pretty common tree here, though not so much so as it is in some other parts of France; where, I hear, the peasantry make great use of the fruit in the way of *food*. The chestnut tree that I see here is the same as the Spanish chestnut. It bears a large nut, which is dry, rather bitter, and hard, to eat raw, but very good when cooked. It is a good deal different from the American chestnut tree, which makes finer and taller timber, and bears a nut much sweeter than the Spanish chestnut, though nothing like so large.



CHATEAU DE BEAUVOIR.

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY;
25, 26, 27, & 28 Oct.

91. This chateau, or castle, is a large mansion, about a mile distant from the village of Briarre. The estate, which consists, all together, of about 3,500 acres of land, surrounds the castle, on one of the banks of the Loire, upon the eminence of which the castle is situated, so as to command a view, for a great distance, of the fine river and the valley through which it runs.

92. A part of the land, about here, is, evidently, very good. Much of it is very light; but the lighter part of it is not, by any means, incapable of yielding a crop. There is a variety of soil here: some inclining to a sand, and fit for rye, or oats; and some more of the nature of clay, that is to say, stiff, strong loam, which will grow good wheat. There is a fair distribution of *marl*, all over the land; and a great deal of this is laid upon the land as manure. The soil seems *kind*, as we say, to most of the English crops. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, vetches, upland-hay, turneps, sainfoin, lucerne, and hops: these will all grow here. I have seen some samples of wheat and barley and rye, which have been produced on this land. The wheat and the rye are very good; the wheat is small, like the wheat of America, very clear in colour, and firm in substance. The sample of barley, which was given to me out of a barn here, was certainly a brighter, if not a plumper sample, than any I remember to have seen in England. The grain is short, very plump, and every way excellent.

93. The finest hay made here, is that of *lucerne*, which is better, they tell me, than that of *sainfoin*; but, both of these are grown here

for hay. I saw some lucerne hay, which was given to my horse, and I was told that this hay had been made from one of *three cuttings* which a field of lucerne had undergone this summer.

94. They have a method here of sowing grain which I never saw before. Nevertheless, I have been told that the fashion belongs to *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*. The grain is sowed, in the usual way, but, instead of being harrowed in upon the flat fallow, the ground is ploughed into one bout, two bout, or three bout ridges. Most frequently one bout ridges. The ploughing prevents any of the grain from growing in the space between each ridge, so that the crop lies higher, and has more room to get up in.

95. For a good distance before I got to the Loire, the land, I could see, was much too flat for any vines to grow upon it; but here they grow well, all along on each side of the river, and some excellent wine is made at this place.

96. From the village of Briarre there is a canal which runs, through Montargis, into the Seine, whereby there is a direct communica-

tion by water with Paris. This canal is a very fine one, and is one of the first things of the kind in France.

97. The price of land here is, in general, from 3 to 8 pounds sterling the acre ; and the French acre, or *arpent*, is, according to what I learn here, just three-sixteenths of an English acre more than an English acre is : that is to say, one acre, and three quarters of a rood, English measure ; or (which is the best way of stating it) the French *arpent* contains (at Briarre at least) *one hundred and ninety English rods, or poles*, each pole being sixteen and a half English feet square.

98. Two farmers from Norfolk, who first saw Mr. HOGGART's advertisement as it was quoted in the *Political Register*, have lately been to Briarre, and they had left this place just before I got here. They have taken two of the farms at Beauvoir, which consist of several hundred acres each, at a rent of 10s. sterling the acre. The farms have comfortable and substantial farm-houses upon them, besides all the out-houses common to an English farm, all of which are in good repair.

99. The law of *Real Estate* in France, as far

as it relates to the power of a foreigner, or alien, to become a proprietor of land, is one of the matters about which it may be useful for me to say something. The law says, that all foreigners shall, in this particular, enjoy the same privileges in France as would be extended to French subjects by the laws of the countries to which such foreigners belong. Now, then, as to subjects of our King, before a foreigner can hold real estate in England, Scotland or Ireland, he must be made either a *denizen*, or a *naturalized subject*.* A denizen

* BLACKSTONE, in speaking of *denizens* and *naturalized subjects*, gives the following, in definition of the difference between the two titles.

“ A DENIZEN is an alien born, but who has obtained
“ *ex donatione regis* letters patent to make him an
“ English subject; a high and incommunicable branch
“ of the royal prerogative. A denizen is a kind of
“ middle state, between an alien and a natural born
“ subject, and partakes of both of them. He may
“ take lands by purchase or devise, which an alien
“ may not, but cannot take by inheritance; for his
“ parent, through whom he must claim, being an alien,
“ had no heritable blood, and therefore could convey
“ none to the son. And, upon a like defect of here-
“ ditary blood, the issue of a denizen, born *before* de-
“ nization, cannot inherit to him, but his issue born
“ *after*, may. A denizen is not excused from paying
“ the alien's duty, and some other mercantile bur-
“ thens; and no denizen can be of the Privy Council,

is created by *letters patent from the King* ; but the title of naturalized subject can be conferred by *Act of the Legislature* only. So that, in order for an Englishman to possess the right of holding real property in France, he must (in conformity with the above-mentioned principle of the French law,) obtain either the special favour of the King of FRANCE, or the sanction of the Legislature of that country, in the form of an enactment. The *Americans* have settled the matter differently. Any Frenchman, or other foreigner, may become a citizen of the United States by residing there for the space of five years. A residence of five years in that country, without asking the leave

“ or either House of Parliament, or have any office
 “ of trust, civil or military, or be capable of any grant
 “ from the Crown.

“ NATURALIZATION cannot be performed but by
 “ Act of Parliament ; for by this an alien is put in exactly the same state as if he had been born in the
 “ King’s ligeance ; except only that he is incapable,
 “ as well as a denizen, of being a member of the
 “ Privy Council or Parliament, &c. No bill for naturalization can be received in either House of Parliament without such disabling clause in it. Neither
 “ can any person be naturalized, or restored in blood,
 “ unless he hath received the Sacrament of the Lord’s
 “ Supper within one month before the bringing in of
 “ the bill ; and unless he also takes the oaths of allegiance and supremacy in the presence of Parliament.”

of any body, entitles a foreigner to all the privileges belonging to a natural born citizen; except that alone of being President of the United States. In France, consequently, the American has a *certainty* of being able to possess real estate; while an Englishman, who is treated by the laws of France, in this respect, in a manner according to that in which a Frenchman would be treated by the laws of England, is in no certainty at all, and must depend upon the good will of the King, or upon that of the Legislative Body, for the obtaining of the right of holding any property that can be called *real*. The laws of France are, then, upon this subject, apparently, more indulgent than those of England, as far as regards such persons as, according to our laws, would be considered foreigners. By the laws which existed before the Revolution, the child of an alien, born in France, had no more privilege than that which belonged to the parent as an alien. The laws have since been altered, so as to correspond, in this respect, with the common law of England. A child born of foreign parents in France, as the laws now are, will enjoy the same rights as a natural born subject of that country; provided that, when he arrive at his majority (twenty-one years of age), he declare it to be his in-

tention to fix his abode in France, or, in case of his residing abroad, still to consider the Government of that country as the one to which he owes his allegiance.

100. The bushel of wheat here weighs, upon an average, $18\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. French weight; and the French pound weight is just equal to eighteen English ounces. The French pound weight has, like the English, sixteen ounces; but these sixteen ounces weigh just as much as eighteen of our ounces. The sack of wheat, consisting of eight of these bushels, weighs 148 lbs. French weight, and $166\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. English weight. This quantity of wheat is now worth about sixteen francs. The same sack of rye, 12 francs; of barley, 11 francs; of oats, 10 francs.

101. Now, then, for a comparison between these prices and the prices of England. The $166\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of wheat do not quite make the weight of *three English bushels*. Our wheat weighs, on an average, 57 lbs. a bushel, or perhaps 58 lbs. Three times fifty-eight pounds would be 174 lbs.; and we have in the French sack only $166\frac{1}{2}$. There is, then, *one twenty-fifth less* in weight in the *French sack* than in the *English three bushels*. To purchase French

wheat being equal in weight to three English bushels, that is to say, weighing 174 lbs. English, would, at the above rate, require 16 francs and 13 sous; or, in our money, 13s. 10½d. Therefore, the price of wheat, at this place, is, *four shillings and sevenpence halfpenny* the English bushel. The prices of the two countries, at this time, placing *Mark-Lane* against *Briarre*, and taking the *English bushel* in both cases, will stand thus:—

MARK-LANE.				BRIARRE.			
		s.	d.			s.	d.
Wheat	- -	6	3	Wheat	- -	4	7½
Rye	- - -	3	6	Rye	- - -	3	5½
Barley	- -	3	4	Barley	- -	3	2½
Oats	- - -	2	7½	Oats	- - -	2	10
<hr/>				<hr/>			
The whole,		15	8½	The whole,		14	1½

Thus, though the difference in the prices of *wheat* is very considerable, the difference *upon the whole* is not great; and, it is upon *the whole* that we ought to build all comparisons of this kind.

102. This is good sheep land. They have a sheep here called *Sologne*, or *Sologneois* (after the name of one of the Departments of France), which is very generally bred on this side of Paris. This sheep, though not handsome or

large, is hardy, and makes, they tell me, very fine mutton. I see this sort of sheep, as well as merinos, on the farms of Beauvoir. The merinos are bred more for the sake of their wool than for any thing else, and they seem to do well here, although they are a very tender sort of stock. The sheep of Sologne, and the merinos, are worth, here, from 6 to 10 and 12 francs a head.

COSNE—PROVINCE OF GASTINOIS.

(Seven leagues from Briarre, through Neuvy Sur Loire.)

WEDNESDAY, 29 OCT.

103. Amongst many circumstances to induce me to stay longer at the Chateau de Beauvoir, was the offer of a dog and gun, which I should have gladly accepted of, if I had not, by the lateness of the season, been hurried to get on. This is a fine sporting country. There is plenty of game; and so there appears to be generally in France; for I have seen partridges and hares, and people in pursuit of them, in almost every neighbourhood that I have passed through. They have here, the English hare, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, and rabbit; and, in some places,

the *pheasant*. In addition to these, there is a bird, which they call the *red-legged partridge*; a very beautiful bird, rather larger than the common partridge, and in great abundance here. I went a coursing two or three times while at Briarre; and it appeared to me that the French hares were quite a match for the English grey-hounds that ran after them.

104. The "GAME LAWS" in France are exceedingly simple in their provisions. The law that affects sportsmen, is more properly a *military law* than a *game law*. You may *chase*, and *kill*, any game that you please, without the law's having any thing to do with you. But, if you wish to *carry a gun*, you must have a *certificate* to authorize you to do so. *Any one is qualified to purchase this certificate*; and the cost of it is *fifteen francs*, which is about *twelve shillings and sixpence sterling*. The certificate (to procure which it is necessary, I understand, to show that you have a permission to shoot from some person who is a landowner to the extent of seventy-five acres) is called a *porte-d'arme*; that is to say, a *permission to carry fire-arms*. Having this, you may shoot whatever game you please; but it does not give you a right to go on the land of another person without having his leave to do

so, and you are liable, if you go on another person's land without such leave, to an action for *trespass*. The soldiers of the king have a right to shoot game *without any certificate*. Game may be bought and sold by any body, and is bought and sold at all times of the year. So, it would appear, that the "*Game Laws*" of France have more an eye to the *guns* of sportsmen, than they have to the preservation of those animals which sportsmen love to destroy.

105. The labourers here sometimes catch the game in *springes*, without being either *whipped*, or sent to *goal*, much less *across the seas*, for so doing. There is, however, little to induce them to "poaching," as we call it in England. A French labourer would be a fool if he could find any delight in prowling about in a coppice, at a time when he might be sleeping at home in such a house as is the habitation of a labouring man at Briarre. There are cottages, or small houses, separate from the farm-houses, ~~all~~ over the estate of Beauvoir. A labourer, employed by the year, has one of these houses for his family to live in, with from twelve to fifteen acres of land, firewood, and two cows allowed him; a little piece of vineyard, and apple-trees and pear-

trees, to make wine, cider, and perry for his drink. For this little estate he pays 150 francs a-year. And he earns, by his labour, from 15 to 30 sous a-day, according to the season of the year; which would leave him, upon an average, after he has paid the 150 francs, more than as much as that sum, in *clear money*. The labourers who live under these circumstances cannot, generally speaking, be otherwise than happy. They have every thing that they can want; every thing, in fact, that a labourer ought to have. If they like to have beer to drink, they have land on which to grow the materials for making it; and they may grow the hops and make the malt, without fearing the interference of the *Exciseman*. They have not a farthing of taxes to pay, nor money in any other shape, excepting that which they pay to their landlord, who gives them a sufficient price for their labour to enable them to preserve comfort and happiness for themselves, and to pay him a rent for the advantages which he gives them. There is no need of "pot-houses," here: and, consequently, there are no such things in France. The labourer can sit at home in the evening, because in his house there is enough of *plenty* to give content; and, for the same reason, he can go to bed, without being afraid of awaking in misery.

The state of the French labourer forms, in short, a perfect contrast with that of the poor ragged creature of the same class in *England*, who, after a hard day's work, slinks into the "*pot-house*," to seek, in its scene of drunkenness and degradation, a refuge from the cheerlessness of his own abode.

106. The dress of the labourers in France, is good. They wear, in all the parts of the country that I have yet seen, a smock-frock and trowsers, of a blue colour, like the dress worn by most of the labourers in the county of *Sussex*. The garments of the *Sussex-men*, however, are very frequently in a state of *raggedness*, which is seldom the case with those of the French. The men, when at work, generally wear some sort of cap upon their heads. In this part of the country, I see, they wear a hat, which has a very wide brim to it, a brim of about eight or ten inches wide, that serves as a shelter to the shoulders as well as a covering for the head. Sometimes this large brim is turned up, in such a way as to form a complete *cocked-hat*, like that which is worn by the officers in our army.

107. When a man is employed, here, in threshing wheat or rye, it is a common cus-

tom, as it used to be, I believe, in England, for the farmer to pay him by giving him a certain portion of the corn threshed, in place of paying him for his work in money.

108. At Beauvoir there is some good timber land. *Timber* is much cheaper in France than it is in England; but *coppice wood* of oak, at fifteen or twenty years' growth, sells for about 500 francs the acre; or 20*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* which is a high price in England. Fagots, of a middling size, fit for the heating of an oven, sell here for 12 francs the hundred, which is not quite *five farthings* each; and that is very cheap. But, I suppose, that a fifteen or twenty years *oak-coppice*, yields *bark*. It is a good English coppice that will fetch 10*l.* an acre at ten or twelve years old.

109. Oak coppices are made here by sowing the acorns, in the fall of the year, along with wheat or rye, or some other winter crop. The acorns are sowed broadcast, as well as the grain that is sowed along with them. By the time that the crop of grain comes off the ground, the oak^s get to be two or three inches high, and are then allowed to grow into a coppice.

110. The wine of Beauvoir, which is rather

famous in the neighbourhood, is worth 110 francs the *piece*, as they call it, which is a barrel, containing 250 bottles; but, then, these bottles are large ones, according to the wine-measure of France, which is, I believe, about one-third larger than the wine-measure of England. So that the *piece* of wine contains about *eighty gallons*, English wine-measure. Wine, in general, about here is worth from 60 to 90 francs the piece. The borders of the Province of *Burgundy*, the name of which is so familiar to the ears of the lovers of wine, are not further distant than about half a dozen leagues from Briarre: so that, the wine made at that place is quite as good as a great part of the wine of Burgundy itself.

111. There is a fine farm now offered for sale; close by Beauvoir, for 2000 pounds sterling consisting of 210 acres of arable land, some of which seems to be as fine land as any farmer can want. No part of it is bad land; and the farm yields plenty of fuel in its scattered trees and its hedge rows. The farmhouse and out-houses, are all convenient enough, and in good repair. This price is but 9*l.* 10*s.* 5½*d.* an acre for land freehold and tythe-free. The *taxes* are very light. There are assessors appointed by the government,

who lay the tax upon the land here ; and the tax so imposed is called the "*contribution*," and is levied, in amount, according to the real value of the land. Perhaps an English farmer, with his experience in taxation, would suppose that the estate of Beauvoir, 3500 acres of land, could not be worth *much*, if he should hear that the whole of the taxes levied upon it amount to but *one hundred pounds sterling a-year*. Nevertheless, they do not amount to any more than that sum.

112. The *climate*, of this part of France, is of a very pleasant temperature. Peaches and apricots grow in the open fields amongst the vines, and there is a great abundance of all the common sorts of fruit. There is, they tell me, very little winter here, and the spring comes on full a month sooner than it does with us in the south of England. The harvest of this year has been backward ; but it is, in some seasons, entirely finished by the latter end of July. It is to this *climate* that must be attributed the fine dry wheat, and the bright barley, which I saw at Beauvoir. We have a great deal of land in England much richer than any that is to be found in this neighbourhood ; but, for the want of a climate like this, we can never depend upon having such fine crops, as,

in this part of France, where there is no *blight* of any kind, and where the weather for the harvest is almost always fair from beginning to end, a farmer is pretty sure of reaping.

113. This place, *COSNE*, is a little town, situated upon the banks of the Loire, and at the mouth of the river Novain. There is a good deal of *hard-ware* manufacture belonging to it, in which, I understand, many *Englishmen* are employed. *Iron foundery*, and *cutlery*, are the two chief branches of the business, for the latter of which the town has become famous. The French are very poor, compared to us, in all sorts of *cutlery*; but at Cosne they have got some Englishmen to assist in bringing this article of manufacture towards perfection.

114. The house at which I stop at Cosne happens to be kept by a brewer, who spoke to me of the hops grown at Beauvoir, which, he said, were worth 1 franc a pound. I tasted some of the beer brewed here: it was very good beer, and sells for 5 sous (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.) the bottle, which holds nearly a quart,

115. I was sorry to find, when I arrived at Briarre, that the *vintage*, at that place, had

been all finished a day or two before. Upon inquiry at Cosne, however, I found that I was not too late to see something of the process of making wine. The vintage, they tell me, is full a month later this year, than it has hitherto been in ordinary seasons.

116. The bunches of grapes are cut from the vines by means of a pair of scissors. They are then put into large baskets, which the gatherers carry to one side of the vineyard, and there the grapes are tipped into tubs, placed ready for their reception. The tubs, when filled, are carried home in a cart or wagon, and the grapes are then, while in the tub, pounded or bruised, by a stout and pretty heavy piece of wood, which is made use of by hand. From the tubs, the grapes are thrown into a very large vat, as soon as they are sufficiently bruised. In this vat the pulp of the bruised grapes, and their juice, all together, remain for as much as a week or ten days, covered over, as beer is when set to work, in order to undergo the *fermentation* that is necessary. While this fermentation is going on, the pulp and juice in the vat rise up, just as bread does that is made of yeast. After rising up and frothing for some time, the head sinks, as that of beer does; and then the fermentation is supposed to be nearly at an end. As

soon as this sinking takes place, the juice that *flows* in the vat is drawn off, leaving the pulp, and the juice which that still retains, behind. The juice thus drawn off, is considered to make the best wine of the vintage. When this juice is drawn off, all that which remains in the vat is taken out and pressed in the wine-press. The juice runs away, from the press, into a large tub sunk in the ground, from which it is emptied, directly, into the *piece*, or barrel. There is nothing at all *mixed* with the juice of the grape; and, from the time that it is first put into the barrel, it remains there, until it is drawn off to bottle. The bung-hole of the barrel, after receiving the juice, must be left open, covered only by a vine-leaf, for about ten days, in order that all fermentation may subside before the barrel be made close for good.—This is the whole process of the vintage, as far as relates to the *red-wine*. That of the *white-wine* is somewhat different. The white grapes must be pressed directly after they have been bruised, and, instead of fermenting in the vat, pulp and juice mixed all together, like the red-wine; the white wine must not be allowed to ferment till it have undergone all the pressing and separation of the pulp from the juice. It must be bruised, pressed, and put to fer-

ment in the barrel, without there being any lapse of time between these different stages of the process. The reason for this is, that if the white wine were to be allowed to ferment, like the red, when its juice is mixed along with the pulp of the grapes and their stalks, the pulp and the stalks would spoil the *colour* of the wine; and the wine would not, in fact, be *white wine* at all.

COUPOIS—PROVINCE OF BERRY.

(Eleven and a half leagues from Cosne, through Pouilly and La Charité.)

THURSDAY NIGHT, 30 OCT.

117. The bill, which I paid this morning, at Cosne, came to 4 francs and 10 sous.—I supped, last night, in company with two persons, one of whom was the driver of what the French call a *voiture de roulage*; that is, a heavy cart, or two-wheeled carriage, which is used in France to convey all sorts of goods or merchandize, from one part of the country to another. I might, if I had chosen so to do, have supped alone; but, I have made it a point to mix with the various classes of company that I meet with in this way, as much as

possible. It is necessary for a traveller to do this, if he would become acquainted with the real character of the people. This driver of a roulage, although not a person, perhaps, of the most *refined* conversation, was one, nevertheless, in whose company there was none of that coarseness which shows itself so generally in the company of those who, in point of rank, would be upon a level with him in England.—The supper consisted of some roasted fowls; and some little fish fried, which were caught, I was told, in the Loire: they are called *gudgeons* here; and are very small, but very good. Besides this, there was a ragout made, I think, of beef; some peaches, apples, and grapes, by way of dessert; and as much wine as we chose to drink, of which two or three bottles were emptied, in great good humour, by my companions at table.

118. Pouilly and La Charité, are both situated on the banks of the Loire, in the road from Briarre towards Lyons. Both of these places are in the province of NEVERNOIS, which I entered on leaving Cosne, and left, again, just on this side of La Charité. At La Charité I cross the Loire, to come to this place, and go directly away from the bank of this side of the river. The Population of La Charité

is about 4000, and that of Pouilly nearly one half as many.

119. On the other side of the Loire, after coming from Briarre, on the road to La Charité, the country is flat and uninteresting, excepting just in the neighbourhoods of Pouilly and La Charité. Both these two places are surrounded by hills that are covered with vines, and that slope down to the brink of the river. The view all around Pouilly is beautiful; but, generally, as I came along the road from Briarre to La Charité, I could see that the opposite bank of the Loire, so far, was much the most rich and highly cultivated of the two. La Charité is an ancient looking place. There is a church in the town, which has a convent attached to it; both of the buildings are still in pretty good repair, but seem to be very old.

120. Coupois is a place of one house only, which is a stage-inn, or place at which to change horses, or lodge, upon the road. The house is in a dell, between two mountains that are covered with oak wood, and is what is here called the *Poste aux Chevaux*, which means *post-horse-house*. There is one of this kind of inns, at every few leagues, on all

the posting roads in this country. It is situated most commonly, in a town or a village ; but, in cases where there are no considerable number of houses together for a good distance, as it is, for instance, in the case of Coupois, you meet with the inn in a lone situation. The *Poste aux Chevaux* is where the diligence always changes horses. The words, "*Poste Royale*," (royal post-house), are generally written on the sign of the house. It is licensed by the government, which manages such matters with great precision. There is allowed to be but one inn of the kind in any town. The diligences all stop at that one place ; although, in many cases, there may be a dozen or more inns in the town besides. The *Poste aux Chevaux* is, almost in every case, the public house of best accommodation that is to be met with upon the road.

121. There is nothing worth noticing in the country from La Charité to this place, five leagues distance, excepting a little hamlet, called Sansarge, a pretty little place, which is not far on this side of La Charité.

122. Throughout all my journey from Calais to Paris, and from Paris to La Charité, I have been travelling upon two of the principal roads

in France. From Paris to La Charité I came along the main road to Lyons; but after crossing the Loire I get into what may be called almost a cross-country road. The greater part of the travellers that I have met on my way from Calais to Paris, and thence towards Lyons, have been English people, excepting those who travel by diligence, or coach. By travellers, I mean persons travelling in their own carriages. I have seen a great many English people travelling with fine English carriages and horses; but very few of the French have I seen with any thing like an equipage. Within the city of Paris, even, there are very few persons that ride in their carriages, compared to what there are in London.

123. The country inns in France are a good deal like the inns in America. The business of the house is by no means altogether confined to the entertainment of the guests. The landlord is frequently a farmer as well as an inn-keeper; and his house and the buildings belonging to it, answer more the description of those of an English farmer than of one of our inn-keepers. The landlady here superintends and takes an active part in the cooking, and all the other sorts of work that are

going on in the house. There are a greater number of people employed, very often, in an inn here, than there would be in one that has as much custom in England; but the employment of these people is of a more various kind. The ostler is frequently a *carter* as well as a servant to look after the horses of strangers: the women servants spin, dress hemp and flax, and attend to the rearing of large flocks of poultry, and get them ready to send to market. The chambermaid, or even the landlady herself, in many cases, knows as well how to tie up a traveller's horse, and to give him a feed of corn, as if she had been accustomed to the office of ostler. There are very few persons travelling upon the roads here to what there are in England; and it is for this reason, I suppose, that the business of entertaining and providing for travellers is so frequently connected with the various sources of profit that belong to the land.

BOURGES—PROVINCE OF BERRY.

(*Six leagues from Capois.*)

31 OCTOBER.

124. The winter appears to be approaching this part of the country. They told me, at Briarre, that there had been no cold weather

before I came there. The weather was beautiful all the while I remained at that place ; but yesterday and to-day have been wretchedly bad. I was glad to get to Bourges, out of a cold and cutting rain, in which I thought that six leagues ride was quite enough.

125. The city of Bourges, which is the capital of this province, is a good-sized place, and is situated upon the rivers Auron and Yevrette ; its population is upwards of 16,000. The manufactures of Bourges are, *woollen cloths, sail-cloth, cutlery, and saltpetre.*

126. Two gentlemen, with whom I supped at Coupois last night, spoke to me of the cathedral of Bourges, which I went to see as soon as I got here. It is a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture ; but the revolution seems to have handled it *very roughly*. The cathedral at Amiens is in a much better state of preservation, and is, on that account, thought more of than the cathedral at Bourges. It is the tower of this cathedral, and the figures and devices that ornament the principal entrance to the building, in which its chief beauty consists. The groupes of figures over the door porches, which are intended to represent different parts of scriptural history, and the statues of saints, have been sadly battered about.

A great many of the saints, like those of St. Bertin, at St. Omers, have lost their heads or arms, or legs, while others have been totally knocked away from the face of the building. The archbishop belonging to this cathedral, has an ancient and fine large palace, which stands close by it. He seems, I think, to inhabit but a small portion of his palace, and not to be rich enough to keep the rest of it in repair; for, the greater part of the windows in it are so bare of glass as to render the apartments not fit to live in.

ST. FLORENT—PROVINCE OF BERRY.

(*Four leagues from Bourges.*)

SATURDAY NOON, 1 NOV. 1823.

127. When I got to Bourges, yesterday, I found that the inns in the place were almost all full of. *Spanish officers*, prisoners of war, who were either quartered there for some time, or going through. I could not get a room to myself at all; and I was obliged to sleep in a room where some of these *Spanish officers* slept also. I was not a little astonished to find, that one of these gentlemen *smoked a segar as he laid in bed!* This morning presented a sad look-out for a traveller: rain and cold. Nevertheless, I did not like

the thought of breathing some more tobacco-smoke in my sleep ; so, I encountered the weather, and came off to this little village of St. Florent.

SUNDAY NIGHT, 2 NOV.

128. Having no company to *smoke me out*, I remained all this day at St. Florent, on account of the weather, which was very stormy and unpleasant.

129. At the inn at which I am here, which is but a small one, I see more to induce me to think that the French are no *Pythagoreans* ; that is to say, that they do not like *vegetables* better than meat. While I sat by the kitchen fire last night, I saw three Frenchmen at their supper. One of them appeared to be a farmer, and the other two were both labouring men. They made (as it appeared to me) a very hearty meal, upon two or three sorts of stews, or fricassees, that had been placed before them : but, they afterwards ate *one half of a goose*.

CHATEAUROUX—PROVINCE OF BERRY.

(*Ten and a half leagues from St. Florent, through Essoudun.*)

3 NOV.

130. A great change of weather took place last night ; and I started, this morning, upon

ground that was frozen pretty hard. This is the first frosty weather that I have had.

131. The city of Chateauroux, the population of which is 8000, is the capital of the Département called *Indre*, and is situated on the river of that name. There are manufactories here for *coarse cloth*, *fulling*, and the making of *parchment*. I see nothing in the way of buildings, of any importance, at Chateauroux, excepting the ruins of a fine old church (just opposite to the inn where I lodge) which are now made use of as a *brewery*.

132. From this city I turn again towards home ; so that this place, which is, as near as can be, *in the centre of France*, and at about four hundred miles from Calais, will be the extremity of my little tour.

133. Essoudun is a town of about the same size as Chateauroux, situated on the river *Théols*. At this place they bleach a good deal of *cloth*, and manufacture *parchment* and *paper*.

134. As I was upon my road from St. Florent towards Essoudun, I saw a great number of well-dressed country people coming, from

all quarters, to a *fair*, which was held at a little village through which I passed. A great part of them appeared to be going for pleasure merely; but many of them were taking cows, asses, goats, and sheep to the fair to sell. I took particular notice of the *sheep*: they were all *merinos*, and the smallest and poorest animals of the sheep kind that I ever saw. Many of them could not have weighed more than *five pounds a quarter*.

135. The country I have passed over to-day is much the same as all that between La Charité and St. Florent. Excepting just round the towns, where I see vineyards, with peach-trees and other fruit-trees growing amongst the vines, the country consists of one large *plain*, with now and then a wood of beech or oak. This plain land is all in cultivation, and seems to be, generally, good land. There is a great deal of *stone* under the surface of this plain land. I do not know what sort of stone it is; but they make great use of it in repairing the roads. I see that the men, who make the roads here, and who are appointed by the government for the purpose, *crack the stones* always before they put them upon the roads. These men wear a sort of *uniform cap*, as a sign of their employment, as *road makers*.

136. It appears to me, that the newly-adopted mode of making our roads in England, *must have been borrowed from the French*. The shape of the main roads here is exactly that in which our turnpike-roads have been made of late. The materials to repair them are laid on in the same manner ; and the *instrument* made use of to *crack the stones* here, a sort of *long-handled sledge-hammer*, is precisely the same as that made use of with us.

137. In this part of France they use many oxen *in harness*. I saw some oxen at work at Briarre. They are not made to draw (as oxen are in England, or in America) from the *shoulder*, but from the *horns*. There is a slight wooden beam, to the centre of which the chain of the plough, or the pole of the wagon or cart is affixed. The beam is placed, each end of it, across the poles of two oxen which are abreast, so as to come close to the back part of their horns. Then a leather tie is brought round the front part of their horns, and both ends of the tie are fastened together round the beam. And thus the animals draw along the weight that is intended to be removed. I remember a book published by *Lord Somerville*, inculcating the making of oxen draw by the horns. I remember that

the *plates* amused me very much. I admired his Lordship's *invention*! "No *tricks* upon *travellers*" is an old saying.—I heard a farmer in England say, that he did not approve of oxen, in general use, upon a farm. He said he found that, when *he* had oxen at work, they *fell away*, because, said he, *they had not time enough to chew their cud*! This was certainly a sufficient argument to show that oxen should not be *worked by him*. The French farmers say, that oxen are very useful. They are, in France, very tractable and laborious animals; and do, somehow or other, find time enough to *chew their cud* into the bargain. The truth is, that the English farmer himself, as well as his oxen or other working cattle, has a great deal *more to do* than the farmer here has. Farming, in France, is not the same bustling, money-making business, that it always has been in England, as long, at any rate, as I can remember any thing about it. The farmer here has, like the *American farmer*, very little *anxiety* about him. His fortune, or welfare, does not seem to be so *uncertain* as it is, more or less, with the greater part of our active farmers. In the character of a French farmer there is not that indefatigable pursuit of his employment, without which, in England,

a farmer cannot get on. The English farmer is full of care: he cannot do without money, and, to make that, work must be done by *somebody*. The French farmer has less to do with money. Comparatively speaking, he has scarcely any call for money. The demands upon his purse are not so large and so frequent: and, consequently, his strivings to obtain money are not so unremitting and so laborious. His land is cultivated with less anxiety to himself; and if the oxen that turn it over fall away, it is not for want of time enough to chew their cud. There are no "*gentlemen farmers*" in France. There are no farmers here that do not, with their own hands, do some part of all the work that is done upon their farms. A farmer, in France, works at the head of his men; and, while in the fields, he does not, in his dress, seem to be any thing more than a *foreman* in the business about which he is engaged. In short, to say "*gentleman farmer*" in French, would be incongruous: it would be putting two words together which would have, in such conjunction, no meaning; no sort of *practical sense*.

136. A great part of the ploughing, and other ordinary work upon a farm, in this part of France, is done by *mules* and *asses*, parti-

cularly by the latter of these animals, which are here in very general use. I cannot see so many of these patient, gentle, laborious, useful, and cheaply-kept animals, without thinking of the just, the feeling, the beautiful eulogium pronounced on them by BURTON; nor can I behold the kind manner in which they are treated in France, without reflecting with shame on the treatment they almost always receive in England, where the owners of them seem, in general, not to have more feeling for them than they have for pieces of stone or of wood. To make positive laws to reach the crime may be difficult; but, there can be no doubt, that, in the eye of morality, an act of common theft is less criminal than it is to load one of these animals until it be ready to sink under the weight; till its limbs tremble and its spine bends; and then to beat, to goad, and to lacerate it for not advancing with speed.

139. The French are much more gentle in their treatment of all tame animals than we are. I must observe, however, that, while they do not drive their oxen, for instance, so hard, they are not so much inclined to work hard *themselves*. The best horses that run in the diligences here, are almost as rough in their

coats as our forest poney's are ; but they do not get knocked about as our coach-horses do. The sleekest of our coach-horses would, I dare say, if he could speak for himself, rather belong to the *diligence* than to the English *stage-coach*. In the former of these concerns he would be oftener washed than he would be well brushed ; but he would lead a much *easier life*.—I never knew a French sportsman with a starving dog : with an English sportsman I have rarely seen a well-fed one.

140. I see that there is very little variety in the mode of cultivating the *vine* in France, as far as I have gone through the country. In all the vineyards that I have seen, the vines are planted in rows. The rows are from three to four feet apart, and the vines, in the row, from two to three feet from each other. The vines seldom get up to above four or five feet high. They are cut down, in the month of February, or thereabouts, very close. There is a little of the last year's wood left, but not many inches of it, to give new wood for the next season. When they begin to shoot, in the Spring, there are stakes, of either round or split coppice wood, which are about four feet long, and an inch and a half in diameter ; and one of these stakes is stuck into the ground

near the stem of each vine. The stakes are intended to give a hold to the tendrils, by the means of which the vines climb up, and, thus, keep themselves clear from the ground.

CHATILLON SUR INDRE—PROVINCE OF BERRY.

(Eleven leagues from Chateauroux, through Buzançois.)

TUESDAY NIGHT, 4 NOV.

141. This morning I breakfasted at Chateauroux. I had some coffee for breakfast; but the landlord of the inn and his family, who had their breakfast about the same time, ate *soup* and drank *red wine*. Not only did they eat soup, but, in the soup there was *cabbage*: *boiled cabbage* for breakfast! This shows how much *habit* does for the taste; for, what Englishman would, if he could get any thing else, feed upon soup with cabbages in it *early in the morning*? I do not see, however, why this cabbage soup (which had plenty of *bread* in it) and the wine, should not be about a thousand times better for breakfast than the *cold potatoes* and the *tea*, which are now so fashionable amongst the common people in England.

142 Chatillon sur Indre is a little town, on

the left bank of the river Indre. Buzançois is situated on the right bank of the same river. This latter place has a *cannon-foundry* belonging to it, besides some other iron-works. It ought to be, if it be not, celebrated for its *ugliness*. There are not many streets, all together, in the little town ; but those that there are, are the most crooked, the most narrow, and the most dirty of all the streets I have ever seen. There are two little villages on the road, one on each side of Buzançois : the first is called Villedieu, the next Clion. There is a good deal of vineyard all about these villages, as well as about the town of Buzançois.

143. At Villedieu there is an old castle, with a plantation of trees round it, encircled by a stream of water which flows round the premises so as to give them the appearance of a little island. A great many of the old castles and fine country houses in France are now tumbling to pieces, for want of somebody to inhabit them. They seem as if their day had gone by : as if they had belonged to a state of things very different from that which now exists here.

144. The river Indre runs, at no great distance from the road, all the way from Cha-

teauroux to this place. The river is bordered by water meadows, with cows, of the pretty little kind I before mentioned, and oxen, grazing upon the meadows. Some of these oxen are almost as good looking cattle as any I have seen in England. They are of a middling size, but well formed, and seem to be of a very distinct, or true, breed.

145. The labouring people, or peasantry, have, generally, cows of their own. Sometimes one cow, sometimes two or three cows belong to one labourer's family. They also keep pigs, of their own. The wives or children of the labourers attend to the cows and the pigs, through the day, during which these animals are suffered to rove about, and feed on the sides of the roads and lanes. The pigs of France are all of one kind, as far as I have seen. That kind is not, by any means, the most *beautiful* kind of pig. A great many French pigs, of the sort that I see here, were taken to England just after the last war. They were very long legged and ugly creatures, to look at, when poor; but they were not, according to the reports of those who fattened them, so uncomely when in the shape of pork and bacon.

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CORMERY—PROVINCE OF TOURAINE.

(Ten leagues from Chatillon sur Indre, through
Loches.)

5 Nov.

146. When the French drink each other's health, they tap their glasses, one against the other, and do so, very frequently, without accompanying the act by any speech. Last evening, at Chatillon sur Indre, I saw five or six Frenchmen, who appeared to be all mechanics or labourers, drinking wine with the landlord of the inn. They all held up their glasses together, and each one tapped the glasses of all the rest of the company, before he drank. It appeared to be a rule of politeness that they should all drink at one time. They talked almost incessantly, and seemed to be all talking at once. If one of them happened to say a word, just as they were all about to drink, all the rest would simultaneously take the glasses from their mouths, and fall a gabbling again directly: so that, the ceremony of salutation had frequently to be repeated four or five times over, before the ardour of their conversation would admit of a pause in which there was time enough to take a draught. This manner of drinking together, which I have noticed upon more than one oc-

casion, has a good deal tended to strengthen my preconceived notions of the *sobriety* of this people, as far, at any rate, as relates to *drink*. The *conversation* of Frenchmen is not, to be sure, always serious enough to be called sober. But, there was a something in the putting off, the postponement of the draught, which I could not help regarding as a sign of *sobriety*; as a departure from that paramount devotion which, in the company of our countrymen, is too commonly paid to *the bottle*.

147. Loches is a town, on the river Indre. The Indre, a little river, is a branch of the Loire, and joins the Loire at about half way between Tours and Angers, which two places are both situated upon the Loire. The population of Loches is between 4000 and 5000. Its manufactures are, *woollen cloth, cotton cloth, and paper*. There is, I am told, an *English lady* at this place, who has a large manufactory of *cotton cloth*, established and carried on under her own direction.

148. Loches is a most curious old place, and is well worthy the examination of strangers and travellers, on account of the manner in which a great part of its houses are situated and made. The town stands round the

slope or declivity of a high mountain. The mountain is, I believe, *an entire rock*, excepting on the surface, where there is a stoney and good soil, such as the *vine* likes best to grow in. The houses, of the manner of making which I am speaking, are excavations in the solid rock, or hard stone, which composes the body of the mountain. After having made a hole in the rock, sufficiently large to form a dwelling, they build up a wall, in front of the hole, with a part of the materials cut out in the excavation. In the wall the window-places and the door-way to the house are left open. But it is not absolutely necessary to have *any building*, in the making of this sort of house ; for I see, in many cases, houses made in the rock, in such a way as to leave a front wall of *solid stone* ; and this is done, by hewing away, in the *front* of the rock, only such places as will be wanted to be open for *doors* or *windows*, and so completing the rest of the cavity inside, without removing the front part of the rock, which is, in general, destroyed, because the building up of a wall in its stead is less troublesome than would be the hewing of a wall out of the solid rock itself. The smoke from the fire-places of these houses is conducted through a chimney, which is a hole made up through the rock, to

come out upon the side of the mountain ; and, on that part of the steep which forms the roof of the house and place for the outward part of the outlet of the chimney, there is, very frequently, a *turf*, with a growth of *high trees* and *brambles* to surmount and ornament the whole. The stables, cart-houses, and other offices belonging to these dwellings, are all made, in a like manner, out of the rock. The *vines* grow exceedingly well in the ground about these houses ; and, from the form of the mountain, in many instances, the vines might be as well cultivated *upon the roofs of the houses*, as they are in the gardens on the level ground beneath.

149. Between this place and Chatillon sur Indre, I saw several women *spreading dung with their hands* ! I have, in many instances, in this part of France, seen the hands of the *softer sex* employed in this unbecoming labour : some of the women spreading the dung upon the land, while others of them were *carrying it upon their backs in baskets into the fields* ! Many of my readers, even the most credulous among them, will, very probably, give me credit for a little *romancing*, when I publish such a relation as this. It is, however, nothing more than is strictly true : it is, in many

places, as common a thing for women to be thus employed, as it is for almost any kind of work to be going on upon a farm. I cannot see this, in France, without being reminded of "*La Politesse Française*," the boasted *politeness of the French*. I have heard that the Germans treat their wives with great want of kindness and respect; that they even make them clean their horses, and black their shoes. But, the *Germans* are not at all famed for their elegance of manners, while *Monsieur* has made us believe that he is the very *pattern of politeness*. I have asked Frenchmen the reason why women, for whose favour they sue in terms so flattering and refined, to whom they pay their compliments the least dissembling, and make the lowest of their most inimitable bows; how it is that women, who, in France, are the objects of such unqualified professions of attachment and respect, are obliged to render services so improper to the character of their sex. It is said, by way of excuse, that a great part of the men are engaged abroad; that they are soldiers, or belong to the navy, or to maritime trade; that they are not, in short, *at home*, and, consequently, that the men that are left upon the land have not *sufficient strength to cultivate it*. This is an excuse which does no honour to the makers of

it ; it is, indeed, no excuse at all ; for, if it were admitted as such, *Englishmen* would have a right to exact from their wives and daughters just as much as Frenchmen do from theirs ; and, yet, they do not, though there must be a larger portion of Englishmen *abroad* than there is of any nation in the world. It is also said, that it is more agreeable to nature, and more healthful, for women to be at this kind of work, than it would be for them to live *idle*. Such an excuse is equally frivolous and false. What is contrary to nature cannot be generally healthful, and, it is quite enough to *see* these women in France, to be convinced that *Monsieur* gives them a vast deal more to do than nature and the prevention of idleness can require. They are round-shouldered ; they walk with a step as heavy as that of the most awkward of our plough-boys ; their faces are very much sun-burned, and their features are so hard that they scarcely *look like women* : the *muscular* form of their bare and brown arms, in particular, shows, that the oppressive sway to which they are obliged to submit, is such as effectually to degrade them, and such as must imply unmanliness as it touches the character of those who bear that sway. I ought not to pass over this subject without doing justice to the

Americans, amongst whom I lately resided. My father has remarked, somewhere in his writings, that, in proportion as men are *really brave*, they are *tender of imposing laborious or degrading duties upon women*. The *Americans*, I must say, are a very great evidence in support of this assertion. When I was in America I lived (in order to learn to speak French) a good while among French people. They were very polite, and, generally, good-tempered and obliging; but they used, I remember, to ridicule the *Americans* very much on account of what they termed their *grossièreté*; that is to say, the want of *politeness*, the *rudeness of manner*, of the *Americans*, and, particularly, as connected with their *attentions to the ladies*. Now, though I have too great an opinion of JONATHAN'S courage to think that he would voluntarily yield any thing honourable that attaches to his name; yet, if his *politeness* were a matter of question, JONATHAN would, I am sure, rather give up all pretensions to that, than he would see his fair country-women *spreading dung with their hands*, and would rather bear all the burden of *Monsieur's* ridicule and sneer, than suffer *their backs* to bear that of a *basket full of dung*!

TOURS—PROVINCE OF TOURAINE.

(*Five leagues from Cormery.*)

THURSDAY NOON, 6 Nov.

150. The country, from Chateauroux to Tours, particularly on the approach to this latter place, is more interesting than that on the other side of Chateauroux. There is a good deal of open land, without any fences; but, fences are not, here, of much use, excepting as boundary marks; for, there are no animals, of any kind, allowed to run loose, either upon a farm or upon the roads. There is no danger of trespass, even on the part of a flock of *turkeys*, for these birds, as well as all roving animals, about a farm, have constantly a person to mind them.

151. At about a mile before you enter Tours, on the right hand side of the road, coming from Comery, there is a fine old place, called Gramont. Tours is an archbishoprick; and the house at Gramont, is a palace, which was built by a former archbishop, and was put into other hands at the time of the Revolution. The estate now belongs to some one who lives at Tours, but who has allowed his purchase to become much wanting in repair.

152. Tours is the finest city, by far, that I have yet been in in France, excepting Paris, with which, of course, no other is to be compared. It is beautifully situated in a valley, with the Loire running along on one side of it, and the Cher on the other. The river Cher is a branch of the Loire; it joins the Loire at some distance below Tours, and runs, from Tours, about thirty leagues to the south. On entering Tours I cross the Cher. There is a large space of rich meadow along side of the river; and here I saw a flock of sheep, the best stock of that kind that I have seen in this country. The common sheep, and the merinos, that I have seen in France, do not weigh more than from 10 to 13 pounds a quarter; but the sheep which I see on this meadow would weigh, I should think, as much as 20 or 25 pounds. They are handsomely formed, as well as of a good size, and are not unlike our New Leicesters. They are rather short than long legged. Their fleeces are white, and pretty heavy. Their faces and legs of a dingy red colour, like those of the South Downs in England. Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG, in speaking, a good many years ago, of the sheep of France, says, that, in general, these sheep are bad; or, at any rate, that they are quite inferior sheep compared to our own;

and I think, from what I have seen, that the French have very little improved in this article of stock.

153. I have seen many herds of *goats*, grazing along with the cows, as I came from Chateauroux. The goats are, I am informed, used for their milk, of which there is a good deal of *cheese* made in this country.

154. I cross Loire, again, at Tours, and then leave that river, for good, on my way to Rouen. The Loire runs close by the edge of the city, and is, at Tours, wider, I think, than the Thames is at London.

155. As soon as I arrived at Tours, I went to look at the cathedral. It is not to be compared with the cathedrals of Bourges or Amiens. It is, however, the finest building that now remains in this city; but the despoiling fingers of the Revolution have left their traces upon even this.



FRIDAY NIGHT, 7 NOV.

156. I have stayed at Tours this day, in order that I might go to see some vines, which

belong to the landlord of the inn where I lodge.

157. I dined, yesterday at the *Table d'Hôte*. I got into conversation with my landlord, who was one of the company, and whom I had not seen before. After talking with this gentleman some time, I made bold to ask him what he was, when I found that he was my host. He told me, amongst other things, that there were a great many English people at Tours ; or, at least, that there had been of late, many of them, even families who had settled there, having left the place on account of the *Spanish war*, from the result of which they entertained apprehensions of danger to themselves. He told me that there was an English nobleman, living in a fine house near Tours, who expended much money in the neighbourhood. I asked him if the lords in his country were as *rich* as those in my country. He said he did not exactly understand me, for, that there were no persons in France of the name of *Lord*. There were *Nobles*, he said, but no "*Mi Lords*." But, said I, if you have no noblemen that you call *Mi Lord*, you have noblemen that you call *Mon Seigneur*, which means the same thing. We could not understand one another, for some time. He could not conceive how it

was, that *My Lord* and *Mon Seigneur* were two titles that had but one common meaning : and I laughed when I heard him explain his idea of the difference between the two titles. The French people write the words *My Lord*, *Mi Lord*, which makes the orthography of the phrase somewhat more correspondent with that of their own language. Our word *thousands*, is written, in French, *milles*. And my host had always supposed, he said, that the word *Mi*, which preceded the name of *Lord*, was, correctly speaking, only an abbreviation of the word *milles*, which, in French, means *thousands*. So, that, if the title of an English noblemen were written *at full*, it would be, *Milles-Lord*, or, *Lord of thousands* : a Lord worth a great many francs a year. He said that, according to this notion of his, he could not suppose that “ *Mi Lord* ” meant the same as “ *Mon Seigneur* ;” for, said he, our Nobles, whom we call “ *Mon Seigneur*,” are not, sometimes, worth a sou. He was quite astonished when I told him that the title of *Mi Lord*, as he called it, was, as well as that of *Mon Seigneur*, capable of existing along with the want of pecuniary means. The French call a man that is enormously rich, a *millionaire*, which is an extravagant term, meaning, a man of millions : and this (however erroneous it might

be) was my landlord's idea of an *English Lord*.

158. The neighbourhood of Tours is a great place for vines, and for the making of fine wine. I went along with my landlord to-day to see his vineyard, which is at about half a league from the city. The vintage of the black grapes is not quite finished, here, and that of the white grapes is not begun. In this part of France they let the white grapes hang as long as possible, before they gather them, because, they say, it makes the wine stronger and of better flavour. The snow is, they tell me, sometimes upon the ground before the grapes are gathered. I saw a great many acres of vineyard to day. The vines look beautiful at this time, with all their leaves off, and loads of ripe grapes hanging upon them. The vines, which are planted in cuttings, or slips (just as *gooseberries* and *currants* are) of the last year's wood, begin to bear when about four or five years old. An acre of vineyard, of the best sort of vines, in full bearing, is worth, at Tours, about 3000 francs; or 125*l.* of our money. This year, they say, the vines will yield from 10 to 12 barrels of wine to the acre; barrels of 250 bottles each; or, as was before observed, of about 80 English wine-

gallons each. Good wine may be bought at Tours, by the single bottle, for 10 sous, or 5*d.* English, the bottle. The barrel, or *pièce*, of this year's wine, will bring from 50 to 60 francs, at this place. But the wine of this year will not be of the best quality, on account of the grapes not having *ripened quickly*, which they should do to make very good wine. Some of the vines are very old: some of them forty, some fifty years old. The land round Tours is hilly; uncommonly good strong land, and stoney, which is just the character of land to suit the vine. There is much rock in the hills, here, as at Loches; and the wine-makers have caves, hewed out of the rocks, under the brows of the hills, in which to deposit the wine, and to carry on the process of making it. Some of the vines in this part of the country are cultivated in the *espalier* fashion. This is not, however, generally the case, where there is any considerable quantity of vineyard together. The common way is, to stick one stake, about four feet high, up to each vine. The stakes are pulled up, at this time of the year, when no longer wanted, and placed away in a *stack*, just as hop-poles are in England. The stakes are, as I said before, made of coppice-wood, hazel, ash, and other kinds. They do not last above a couple of

years; for, if used longer, they become rotten, and are easily broken by the wind. I was, when at Chateauroux, informed, that, farther to the South, the cultivators of the vine make use of stakes of *Locust*, which, they say, grow in coppices, and last a great number of years. The *Locust* is, in France, generally called *Robinia*; but in the vineyards the stakes of it are called, *bois de fer*; or, iron-wood; a name which the *Locust* very well deserves.

159. There is a kind of grape, which I saw on some vines here, made use of to give a colour to the red wine. When this grape is squeezed, the juice is of a fine dark colour, a mixture of purple and red. It is made use of in giving a colour to all red wine, which could not have the fine colour that we see in it, but for the use of this sort of grape. The vintage of the white grapes begins, this year, at about this time, the 7th of November.

160. As I went along towards the vineyard of my landlord, I saw the ruins of a very ancient convent of the order of St. Benedict. This convent used to be, in its time, a great place of assemblage for the monks belonging to the order of St. Benedict, who used to come there from all parts of the kingdom. The

stable, for the accommodation of the horses of such visitors, contained upwards of a hundred stalls. The window places, my landlord informed me, were, in the dwelling part of the convent alone, five hundred and sixty. Very little, however, of this part of the building is now in existence. The remaining part of it, which is still enough to make a good dwelling-house, is occupied by the brother-in-law of my host, who rents it of a gentleman by whom all the confiscated estate has been purchased. I see that the walls, which used to enclose the gardens of this fine convent, remain untouched; they are built of very solid materials, and are not less than three feet in thickness.

161. The church of St. Martin, which used, in former times, to be the richest church in Tours, is almost entirely destroyed. Nothing but the tower of it remains; and that is now used as a *shot-tower*.

162. Tours is an important manufacturing place. Its manufactures are very various. The most considerable articles are, *silks* of different kinds, *woollen cloth*, *leather*, and *porcelaine*, or *china*. The *china* which is manufactured in France, is of very fine quality,

and of great beauty in its way. The journey-men employed in the *cloth* and *silk* manufactories, here, get from 1 to 3, and, some of them, 4 francs a-day. The wages of men servants, such as grooms, or footmen, may be stated at about 300 francs (or 12*l.* a-year) besides their board and lodging. A maid servant, a housemaid, gets from 150 to 200 francs. A cook (a valuable servant among the French) about 300 or 350 francs. I speak of these as the servants of gentlemen, or persons of fortune.

163. The city of Tours, which is the capital of this Province, is an extensive place. Its population amounts to 21,000 inhabitants.

LA ROUE—PROVINCE OF TOURAINE.

(Five leagues from Tours.)

SATURDAY NIGHT, 8 NOV.

164. Before I set off from Tours this morning, I went, as I had been directed by the Commissioner of Police, to the *Hôtel de Ville*, which is the place for transacting all the public business of the city. Here is the office of the Mayor. It was necessary for me to go to

this office, in order to have my passport for *England* signed. With regard to my passport, I have found no sort of difficulty in travelling. I got it, in the first place, from the French Ambassador, in London, at whose office it was signed for Paris. On quitting Paris, I had it signed for Tours; that is to say, the officer who signed it stated, upon the passport, that I was permitted to go as far as that place. As soon as any stranger arrives at an inn, in France, although it may be his intention to lodge there but for one night, the people of the house are obliged to make a report of him to the police; whereupon, it is the duty of some officer (*a gens d'arme*) to come to the inn and examine your passport, to see whether you be travelling according to its terms. An innkeeper is also obliged, when you leave his house, to inform the police of your departure. But these regulations are not always strictly observed on the part of the innkeepers, for I have lodged at several places at which the people made no report of me at all. It is, however, very proper for a traveller to be careful how *he* act with regard to such matters; for, if I, for instance, were to proceed on my road from Tours to Rouen, without there being any certificate of my having the permission of the government to proceed in

that direction, I should, if a *gens d'arme* were to demand a look at my credentials, stand a chance of being escorted by him back again to Tours ! I might, to be sure, go all the way, without being subjected to so unpleasant an adventure ; but, the possibility of being so subjected is a sufficient inducement, to a traveller to mind what he is about.

165. I went, therefore, to get my passport signed in such a way as to allow me to go to England by the way of Calais. I had to wait, for some time, in the police office. While I sat there, a woman, amongst other persons, came into the office, and, upon being asked by one of the clerks what she wanted, approached towards him, holding out a *little book*. The clerk took hold of the book, and leaned back in his chair to read. It did not strike me what could be the meaning of this ; but I observed that the woman eyed him with great anxiety. The clerk looked through the book for some time without saying any thing ; but, by-and-by, all of a sudden, giving a start, and darting an indignant look at the woman, he exclaimed : " What, Madam ! Hope for permission to publish a book like this ! *Politics in love-songs !* " " Tenez," said he, to the mortified applicant ; " Tenez : emportez votre

livre ! Chantez, Madame, de l'amour, autant que vous voudriez ; mais, de la politique il ne faut pas chanter ! " * The case appeared to be this : the woman sold *song-books*, and came, in compliance with that part of the laws of France which guards against the "*licentiousness of the press*," to have the song-book in question examined, previous to her beginning to publish it ; and, it was the discovery of some rhyme which made rather too free with a forbidden subject that caused this officer (conciliating as are the songs of love) to indulge in those vehemently loyal expressions, which terrified the poor woman, and which gave me a much more correct idea than I had before of the *state of the press* in France.

166. La Roue is but a village. There is another village, quite a small one, but a pretty place, called Membreuil, between this and Tours.

167. The market of Tours, which I went to look at this morning, is one of very general traffic. Cattle and horses, besides all sorts of vegetables, fruits, and coarse manufactures,

* Here, Madam, take away your book. Sing of love, Madam, as much as you please ; but, of *politics* you must not sing !

are brought there, every Saturday, for sale. A good stout cart-horse, at this market, is worth from 300 to 400 francs (from 12*l.* to 16*l.* our money) and upwards; a cow, from 60 to 100 francs (from 2*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.*) The corn market is held in an old gothic *chapel*. The price of wheat, at Tours, is from 13 to 15 francs the sack of 148 French pounds weight. Rather cheaper than at Briarre. At Chateauroux wheat was worth, at the time I passed, about 12 francs the sack. Bread at Tours, the very best bread, sells for *three sous* the pound: that is rather less than 6*d.* for the weight of our quartern loaf. When I speak, in paragraph 48, of a loaf of bread, the size of our *quartern loaf*, selling for 5 sous, I must be understood to be making a comparison with regard to *bulk* only; for, the loaf for 5 sous was not, most likely, more than about 2 lbs. in weight. All kinds of meat are nearly of one price: beef, mutton, veal, lamb, and pork, are all sold here at 8 sous (or 4*d.* our money) the lb. I ate some bread at Tours, which was, I think, the best bread I ever tasted. The bread that the country people eat is made, in great part, of rye; and that sells, of course, for less than the finest of the wheat bread. It sells for about one sou and a half, or two sous; but, it is more wholesome food than the whitest of

our *baker's bread* in England. Two sous a pound is about 4*d.* for the weight of a quartern loaf. There are no *drugs* put into the bread in France, neither in the towns nor in the country places, as far as I can find out. My landlord at Tours had been, he told me, a baker; but, I could not make him understand what *alum* was, and he did not seem to perceive at all how the making of bread had should be a source of profit to a baker.



LE MANS—PROVINCE OF MAINE.

(*Fifteen leagues from La Roue, through Chateau du Loir and Ecommoy.*)

SUNDAY NIGHT, 9 NOV.

168. Chateau du Loir is a little town, situated at the confluence of the two little rivers Loir and Ive. The population of this place is between 2 and 3000. There are some manufactories in the town, of *cotton stuffs*. Ecommoy is a small village, at about half way between Chateau du Loir and Le Mans.

169. The road to Le Mans, from Tours, is over the most beautiful, the richest, and the best cultivated country that I have, for any extent together, yet seen in France. The

land is more divided by hedges and ditches. *Quick-set* and *black-thorn* hedges are as common, in many places, as they are in England. The views are very fine, in different places, along the road; nevertheless, I do not see anything to equal the beauty of *Fromenteau* and *Essonne*. About Ecommoy, and from that place towards Le Mans, there is a great deal of forest of *pine timber*. Some of the pines have been planted by hand. In general, they appear to have sprung up from seed scattered by the wind. The soil of the forest is the lightest and most sandy that I have met with; and I see some *heath* growing here, in the bare places, which I have not seen any where else in France.

170. Between Ecommoy and Le Mans I perceived, from the stalks that were remaining in some of the fields, that *Indian corn* is a product of this part of France. This corn grows well, they tell me, here. It yields about 100 bushels on ground nearly equal to an English acre, that is to say, bushels which, of wheat, weigh from 18 to 20 lbs., and it sells for about the same price as wheat. The people here use it only in the fattening of pigs, for which purpose it is considered here, as it is in America, to be the best of all food. It is planted on ridges

which are about five feet apart ; two rows of the corn upon every ridge. The plants are from a foot to eighteen inches apart in the row, and the rows are about the same distance from each other. Supposing the Indian corn to weigh 58 lbs. a bushel, the above crop is about 31 English bushels ; and this is, indeed, a very good crop ; it is four English quarters to the acre, and that is much beyond the average of our crops of wheat.

171. I met a man, to-day, upon the road, who told me that he was a manufacturer of linen cloth. He said that he earned, by the loom which he worked in his own house, about *one franc* a day. The labouring people, he told me, dress and spin the hemp and flax, which they raise in their own gardens, or little farms, and carry them, in the shape of yarn, to the markets, where country manufacturers, such as my informant himself was, buy the yarn, and sell it again to the labourers in the shape of linen. The stuff for making a labourer's shirt, strong, well bleached, and made in this way, costs about *two francs* ; that is to say, 20 pence English.

MONDAY, 10 Nov.

172. The city of Le Mans, which contains 18,500 inhabitants, is the capital of the Province of Maine, and is situated on the river called the *Sarthe*, which is a branch of the Loire. This city is about the same size as that of Tours, and is just such an agreeable place. The environs of it are, like those of Tours, very pleasant. There are a great many gardens, and vineyards, kept in the best order.

173. The finest building in Le Mans is the cathedral; it is a very large and ancient building, but not one of any uncommon beauty. The manufactures of Le Mans are, *linens, coarse cottons, bombasins, cotton handkerchiefs, lace, soap, and wax for candles.*

174. There is, at this time, a *fair* going on in Le Mans. It continues for eight days; and this day is the last of its duration. This fair, which takes place four times in the year, is very much the same as our fairs in England are. Horses, cows, pigs, and other farming stock, are sold at the beginning of the fair; and, after the sale of these, comes that of all the varieties of manufacture, and of things of

taste, such as belong to one of our great fairs in England.

175. I got a sample of Indian corn, of a seedsman, to-day. This sample was very good corn. There was no difference between it and the Indian corn I have seen in America. The corn was not of the largest size ; but it was perfect, in all respects, and well ripened. Mr. ARTHUR YOUNG says, that Indian corn will not grow, in France, for as much as nearly fifty leagues south of Le Mans.

176. All the way from Chateauroux to this place I have had fine weather. Though rather cold in the mornings and evenings, it has been warm enough, sometimes, in the day time, to make the flies very troublesome about my horse. To-day is a clear cold day, which puts one in mind of winter.

177. Yesterday, when I arrived at this place, the landlady of the inn asked me, upon my telling her that I wanted dinner, if I would have some *potatoes*. I could not conceive why she should ask me such a question, knowing, as I did, that potatoes are no great favourites in this country. I had, however, a great curiosity to see how the potatoes would be

cooked, and what quantity of them would be given to me ; and I answered her question, therefore, and with some eagerness, in the affirmative. She caused to be boiled, on my account, more than half a gallon of potatoes, which was a greater quantity than I had ever seen at one time, on a French table, before, and she seemed to think, when she placed this dish before me, that I had obtained the food of all others that I liked to eat. She laughed at me, and exclaimed, “ *Oh ! que les Anglois sont fort pour les pommes de terre !* ” This saying is scarcely translateable into English ; but it means, as near as can be, *Oh ! how fond Englishmen are of potatoes !* I am sure she did not mean to *insult me*, though she must have pitied my taste. She was soon convinced, that there are Englishmen who have little relish for this insipid root. The price of potatoes here is one franc and a half for a *measure*, which is rather larger than half an English bushel. An English bushel of them would be worth about 2 francs and a half, or, 2s. 1d. which is about twice the price of potatoes in England.

BEAUMONT—PROVINCE OF MAINE.

(*Seven leagues from Le Mans, through La Bazoché.*)

TUESDAY NIGHT, 11 NOV.

178. Beaumont is a little town, containing two or three thousand inhabitants, on the left bank of the river Sarthe. There is a good deal of wine made here; but, the people tell me, that the vines have, within a few years past, failed to produce as much wine as they formerly did; in consequence of which, there are not so many vines cultivated at this place now, as there used to be.—The neighbourhood of Beaumont is somewhat famous for its breeding of, and dealings in cattle; and, in the town, there are some manufactories of cotton, and of some other articles.

179. I find some lucerne hay for my horse in most parts of the country. The French think the hay of lucerne the best of any; and my horse seems, from the manner in which he deals with this sort of fodder, to be exactly of the same opinion. There is but little difference between the price of the hay of lucerne and that of common hay. Hay, at Beaumont, sells for 25 francs the *thousand* pounds weight; and straw, which is dear at this time, brings

nearly as much as the hay. The hay is at very low price, compared with the hay in any part of England. The 1000 lbs. French weight make 1125 lbs. English weight, and this is 5 lbs. more than *half an English ton*. So that here is half a ton of hay, and of fine hay too, for 20s. and 10d. or, at the rate of 41s. and 8d. an English ton of twenty hundred weight, 112 lbs. to the hundred.

ALANÇON—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(*Five leagues from Beaumont, through La Hutte.*)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 12 NOV.

180. The city of Alançon, the population of which amounts to 13,500, is a place of considerable importance. It stands upon the river Sarthe, and is in the province of Normandy, though close upon the borders of that of Maine. There are several good churches in this city, the most important of which is the cathedral. The cathedral, though but a small one, is ancient, like all the churches, indeed, that I have seen in France. The oldest buildings in England are always the most beautiful; and, so I find it with the buildings in this country. I have not seen such a thing as a

new church in France, any where ; nor any church that has not apparently been built for several centuries.



THURSDAY, 13 Nov.

181. The manufactures of Alançon are pretty large. The lace which is made here is celebrated for its superior fineness. Near this place there are some iron-mines, quarries of red lead, and quarries containing a fine sort of stone, fit for the making of mill-stones.

182. Thursday is the market-day at Alançon. The corn-market here is held in a spacious piazza, which is appropriated to the purpose. The measures for corn in France are very various, in respect to dimensions, in different parts of the kingdom. I have met with something called a *boisseau* (bushel) in all parts of the country ; but, then, the bushel is not every where of the *same dimensions*. The standard of corn measure, *legally* established, is, as far as I can find, what they call the *hectolitre*. The *hectolitre* I saw in the market of Alançon, where this measure of wheat, weighing, upon an average, from 36 to 38 pounds, sold for 4 francs ; which is just the price at which I found wheat at Briarre,

where, as the reader will remember, 148 pounds sold for 16 francs. At Alançon the *hectolitre* is considered as the bushel, while, at Briarre, it is the *Dècamètre*, that is, just one half the *hectolitre*. At Briarre it requires *eight bushels* to make a *sack*: at Alançon, where the bushel is twice the weight of the bushel of Briarre, it requires only *four bushels* to make a *sack*. Further in the interior of Normandy, there is a bushel of from 72 to 76 pounds weight of wheat; that is, of double the size of the *hectolitre*, and four times the size of the bushel at Briarre; nevertheless, in those places where this large bushel is found, the *sack* of wheat is not of less than *four bushels*. It does not seem altogether unaccountable why the *sack* of wheat in Normandy should be, comparatively, so very *heavy*; for, the *men* of this province are considered, in France, to be nearly twice as strong as those of any of the middle or southern provinces. I have, myself, observed a great difference between the people about Briarre and Chateauroux, and the people I have seen since I crossed the borders of the province of Normandy.

183. The French *perch*, in the measuring of land, consists of 22 square feet; and a French foot measure is exactly eleven-twelfths

of an English inch more than an English foot measure; that is to say, *thirteen English inches, all but the eleventh of an English inch.* In this part of France there is the *Arpent*, of 100 perches, the *Acre de Normandie*, of 160 perches, the *Acre Ordinaire*, of 120 perches, and the *Journal*, of 80 perches. The *Arpent* is, I believe, the most common measure throughout all France; but, in this Province, the land is generally purchased or rented by the *Acre de Normandie*.

184. The best land, hereabouts, is worth from 800 to 1200 francs the *Acre de Normandie*. That is to say, the best *arable* land; for, *meadow* land is worth more than land under the plough. Good *meadow* land* is worth as much as from 1600 to 2400 francs. The *arable* land is reckoned to yield from 40 to 80 *hectolitres* of wheat to the *Acre de Normandie*, and the *meadows* to yield from 5000 to 8000 pounds of hay.

185. Let us see, then, how these prices stand in comparison with English prices of the same things. But, first, we must reduce the French measure to English measure. The price of land, for the *Acre de Normandie* is, ARABLE, 1000 francs, on an average; MEADOW,

2000 francs on an average; that is to say, ARABLE, 41l. 13s. 4d.; MEADOW, 83l. 6s. 8d. These would be very high English prices, if it were the *English acre* that I am speaking of. But, though there are 160 rods, or perches, in our *Statute acre* as well as in the *Acre de Normandie*, the latter contains nearly twice as much land as the former. For, in the first place, our rod is of only $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet, while that of Normandy is of 22 feet. Our rod contains 272 square feet; the Norman rod 484 square feet. Then the Norman foot contains 166 of our square inches, while our foot contains 144 of those same inches. So that (leaving aside unimportant fractions), *one* Norman rod contains 525 English square feet; and two English rods contain but 544 English square feet. One Norman acre contains 308 (and nearly 309) English square rods, or perches; and two English acres contain but 320 English square rods, or perches. Thus, then, the arable land in Normandy is worth (casting aside fractions) 20l. the English acre; and the meadow land 40l. the English acre. This is now, I believe, the price of *very good land* in England; and, I am here speaking of *very good land* in France; land that bears from 30 to 40 *hectolitres* of wheat, or about 26 English bushels to the acre on an average; and of meadow land

that yields more than an English *ton and a half of hay* ; that is to say, 30 hundred weight, at 112 lbs. to the hundred.

186. Timber is sold here ~~in a~~ ⁱⁿ a measure which is called the *marque*. The timber is measured either while it is standing, or after it is cut into logs. The *marque* is a measure of 3 feet long, 10 inches over, and 10 inches deep. The best oak timber is worth about 2 francs and 10 sous the *marque*. The best *corde-wood* is worth from 24 to 30 francs the *corde* ; and the *corde*, here, is a measure of 8 feet long and 4 feet high, the wood being 3 feet and a half in length. Inferior *corde-wood*, such as is fit for the making of *charcoal*, sells at from 5 to 7 francs the *corde*. This *corde* is not much greater in dimensions than our *corde*. The wood is full as dear as wood is in England.

187. *House-rent* is not high in France. At Alençon you may rent a comfortable house, consisting of six or seven good rooms, for 300 francs a year ; that is to say, for 12*l.* sterling, or thereabouts ; and, let it be remarked, that this is in a very fine and fashionable place.

188. At this place I have ascertained some particulars relating to the education, or *school-*

ing, of young people. I am informed that, for the schooling of a young man in the College which belongs to this city, it does not cost, boarding and lodging included, more than 500 francs, or 20l. 16s. 8d. a year. From 400 to 900 francs (16l. to 36l.) is quite as much as the schooling of a young person, either male or female, will cost in the best boarding-schools and colleges in France. The colleges are all under the direction of the government; and there are a great many more of these institutions in France than there are in England. Every town of importance appears to have a college belonging to it. At these colleges, and at the boarding-schools which I am supposing, the scholars are taught the whole of what is called the classics, comprehending the sciences of logic and rhetoric. In country places, farmers and country people send their children to day-schools; just as it is common to do in England, while the children are quite young. At these country day-schools, for 100 or 200 francs a year (4l. to 8l.), the students obtain, generally, a smattering of the learned languages; of Latin, at all events; as well as those who go to schools of a more costly degree. The teaching of Latin to farmers' and tradesmen's sons is very common in France.

189. I have, in different places, made inquiries about the price of *pension*, as the French call it, or *boarding and lodging*, which seems to be pretty nearly the same in all parts of the country. At St. Omer's I could board and lodge (washing included) in the inn at which I was, for 12 francs and a half a week : I mean without my horse. At Cosne it would cost, at an inn, from 13 to 14 francs. At Le Mans, 15 francs. At Tours, the same as at Le Mans. At this place, Alançon, from 10 to 15 francs. A young man may board and lodge in a respectable private family for about the same money, unless he require uncommonly good fare, or a great deal of waiting upon, in which case it might cost him, perhaps, 20 francs a week. All this is very cheap, compared with England and the United States. The lowest (10 francs) is 8s. 4d., and the highest (20 francs) 16s. 8d. For fare and entertainment as good as the French, you must pay, I suppose, nearly three times the sum in England ; and in New York (in which prices are not higher than in other good towns of the Union), the price of board and lodging is from 5 to 10 dollars a week, that is, from 1l. 2s. 6d. to 2l. 5s. The five dollar entertainment is by no means of a luxurious kind. Plenty of meat always in America, and, in-

deed, plenty of every thing to eat. But, no private sitting-room. Bed-rooms, most frequently, with more than one bed in each. A common table for meals. Very little selection as to the state of life of the boarders. So that, if you compare the entertainment as well as the prices, France is nearly two-thirds cheaper than America.

190. The words *modesty* and *delicacy*, as applied to matters relating to the fair sex, have, as all travellers in this country must perceive, a very different signification in French from what they have in our language. To-day, as I stood looking out of the window of the dining-room at the inn, in front of which is a large open square, surrounded on every side by houses, I saw a public conveyance, a sort of diligence, drive up, with three women in it, who had come from Falaise, and who appeared, all of them, from their dress, to be respectable farmers' wives. The carriage was drawn up in a most conspicuous place; and the driver, after having assisted the passengers to alight, began to unbuckle the harness of his horses. It was in this situation, one so completely public as the open square, and not five yards from the driver of the coach which they had just stepped out of, that I, who

remained at the dining-room window, could not help observing, with regard to these ladies, something which, while it was unattended by any thing like *retirement* on their part, was so indelicate, in our sense of the word, that, if it were not for the sake of contrasting the manners of the two people, the French and the English, I could hardly, with strict propriety, make even an allusion to it.

NONANT—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(*Eight leagues from Alençon, through Séez.*)

FRIDAY NIGHT, 14 Nov.

191. The country, all the way from Le Mans to this place, like that between Le Mans and Tours, is uncommonly beautiful and rich. The fields are very small, and closely enclosed by live hedges, and ditches, exactly as our fields are in England.

192. There is little now doing on the farms, except the putting in of winter crops. The grain is here sowed on land ploughed, as I before described, into *ridges*. The casting of the seed grain upon the ground is not, however, always done in

one fashion. About this neighbourhood the seed is cast into the furrow, which is left open by the plough as it passes through the ground to form the ridges ; so that the wheat, or other grain sowed, comes up in *drills* ; and, as the ridges are, most frequently, four bout ridges, there are four drills upon each ridge. There appears to be very little care taken as to the *straightness* of the ploughing : it is curious, that in this Province, where the land is the finest and most highly cultivated, and where the fields are very small, the ridges of newly sowed grain are very crooked and slovenly looking. The sowing, wherever I see it going on, is performed by *women*, who follow the plough, and strew the grain along in the furrow as fast as the plough turns out the earth. In order to insure the well covering over of the seed, a man or woman comes after the plough, and makes the surface of the ridge smooth with an instrument, which is simply a piece of slight wood, about eighteen inches long, through the middle of which is stuck one end of the handle held by the person who does the work.

193. At Seéz there is a cathedral, close at the back of which is the palace of the Bishop of Alançon, whose place of residence is at

Seéz. A part of the Bishop's dwelling is converted into a college for the education of persons who are to become *priests*, the whole burden of which class of the community is, in this country, supported out of the public taxes, and at no great expense. The priests, here, appear to be a very gentle and amiable sort of men. I always pull off my hat to any of them that I meet, and they always return the salutation with great politeness and even humility. They dress, not only while at church, but at all times, in a long sort of coat-gown, called a *soutane*, made of black cloth, and wear the old fashioned cocked-hat. You cannot mistake the country priest in France for any thing other than he is. His devout manner, and the simple and sacred habiliment that he always appears in, make you acquainted with his profession at once. This is not the case with the divines of our country. In the famishing *curate* we do, to be sure, very often see an example of piety and mildness; but the religious character of the *beneficed clergyman* is not, at all times, to be recognized in his manners or in his personal appearance: he, though quite as sincere, no doubt, as these meeker priests in France, is very often admired as the most venturesome rider in the fervour of a fox-chase; as being a "*good shot*;" as the best

hand at a "*rubber of whist*;" or, the most good-humoured companion, and maker of the best joke, over a bottle of wine! I cannot behold the sober and serious deportment of these priests without thinking of a pamphlet, published in London last Spring, and written by an Irish '*Squire*, giving an account of an Irish *Protestant Parson's* sending a pair of *garters* to a female of his flock, with a *motto* which very few men except Irish '*Squires* would venture to put into print.

194. The town of Seéz has 5600 inhabitants; and here are some manufactures, of lace, *muslins*, of various sorts, and *woollen stockings*.

195. Nonant is only a village, but it is as nice a little place as any I have seen in France. After I arrived here, I had time enough, in the course of the afternoon, to go about two leagues across the country, to see an establishment which is called *Harasdupin*. It is a place for the keeping of a stud of horses which belong to the King. I had a great curiosity to see some of the finest horses of France, which are to be seen at *Harasdupin*. The establishment is a very fine one, both as regards the buildings and the care that is taken

of the horses belonging to it. The house which has been built here as a residence for the overseer of the stables, is quite a palace. The land which surrounds it, for some extent, belongs to the King, and consists in fine meadows to turn the cattle out into, besides a large forest, called the Forest of Alançon. Over all this land there is a view, from the house and stables, which makes the situation uncommonly beautiful. Some of the horses that I saw here were fine animals. The stud of carriage-horses, brought from the neighbourhood of *Caen* were very handsome; but, I do not think France can show much in horses of a higher breed. In Normandy, and particularly in the neighbourhood of *Caen*, the finest carriage-horses are to be found. The Province of *Limosin* is famed for possessing the horses of more *blood*. I saw some horses here which came from that Province. They were very light, and very pretty in their shape; but, they did not display much of what we should call a *thorough bred horse*. There were two or three fine horses in these stables, brought from *Arabia*; and some blood-horses, which, the people told me, were purchased at a high price in *Eng'land*. The presence of the *true English racers* was very humiliating to the horses of *Normandy* and *Limosin*; for, after

having seen the former, the latter were, I must say, scarcely worth looking at.

ST. GAUBURGE—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(Four leagues from Nonant, through Melro.)

SATURDAY NOON, 15 Nov.

196. I have had fine weather ever since I left Le Mans, till to-day; the nights frosty, and the days clear and pleasant. To-day has been foggy and chilly; a kind of weather too unpleasant for travelling over so pleasant a country as this.—St. Gauburge and Melro are both villages, but Melro a good deal the largest of the two.

CONCHES—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(Twelve leagues from St. Gauburge, through Oble, L'Aigle, Chandé, Thaél, Boure, and Breteuil.)

SUNDAY NIGHT, 16 Nov.

197. Oble is a small village, on the road to L'Aigle. L'Aigle is a manufacturing town on the river Rille. Its manufactures are, lace, ribbons, cotton-stuffs, paper, pins, ironmongery, leather for book-binding, and wire. There is a manufactory of needles here, which belongs to

an Englishman. The houses in this place, unlike those of any town I have before seen in France, are almost all built of *brick*. Population of L'Aigle, 5600.

198. The road which I intended to take, from L'Aigle to Conches, goes through a small place called Lire; and, upon this road, you are led, all the way, through a forest, which they call the *Forest of Conches*. It is a forest of oaks, which extends for six or seven leagues square, and is the property of an *Austrian Prince*, who comes to Conches sometimes, to go a hunting in the Forest, where there is a good deal of game, and great numbers of foxes, wolves, wild-boars, and deer. On leaving L'Aigle, I took a wrong road, and found myself at a little place called Chandé, which is on the road to Paris. From Chandé I passed, across the country and over a bad road, through the hamlets of Boure and Thaél, to Breteuil, a town of about 4000 inhabitants. From Breteuil to Conches I had a better road to go upon; but it did not, however, turn out so good in the end; for my horse cut his foot so badly, upon a flint stone, that he could hardly hobble on as far as this place. From Nonant to L'Aigle it is just the same delightful country as that from Le Mans to

Nonant. Between this and L'Aigle the country is different. Some woodland; but, mostly, open plains of good arable land, in great part covered by apple and pear-trees, the fruits of which are used in making cider and perry. The best cider in France, is, I believe, made in this Province. But, no cider that I have tasted here has been good. The cider is sour, and is made of such apples, that it can seldom be otherwise than bad. They gave me some cider at Le Mans which was tolerable, but that was considered to be the very best, and sold for *eight sous* a bottle, which is as much as the price of good wine in some parts of France.



MONDAY, 17 Nov.

199. I staid at Conches to-day, my horse being so lame that I was afraid to take him upon the road.

200. All round this place there is a great deal of *iron-mine*. There are forges of iron and blast-furnaces, at Conches, as well as at Breteuil, and many other places within a few leagues of this. The iron ore used at Conches is brought out of the forest; and the iron is, they tell me, very good. The price of the

best wrought-iron is about 30 francs (or 1l. 5s.) for a *hundred pounds weight*. A blacksmith told me that a great deal of English iron had, of late, been sold here; but it was not, he said, so good as the iron of this country, and had found purchasers merely on account of its being rather *cheaper* than the French iron.—The workmen employed in the iron-works get, according to their worth, from 2 to 4 francs a-day. Some of the men work *by the piece*, others *by the day*. It is not, in this iron business, the custom to regard the Sunday as a day of entire rest. There are always some men to keep the furnaces a going, all day long of a Sunday. People that keep shops, in France, whether it be in large towns, or in villages, do not shut up their shops during the whole of Sunday. They generally keep them open till about twelve o'clock in the day, that is, till about the time at which high *mass* begins, and then shut them up till after church service, when they are again opened. There are some trades-people, indeed, who do not sell at all of a Sunday; but, then, these are such as can better afford to have a clear holiday in every week than the generality of trades-people can. They do not abstain from opening their shops from any religious scruples,

nor on account of any law or regulation that would forbid them to sell of a Sunday; if a French shopkeeper does not open his shop on a Sunday, it is either from disinclination to work, or a persuasion that his affairs are such as to admit of a holiday. Sunday is a very *merry day* in France. One great complaint that the French make against the English is, that our Sundays are so *dull*. In France, Sunday is the great day for going to theatres, for dancing and singing, and playing at billiards, dominos, cards, and other kinds of frivolous games, to which the French (French *men*, at least,) are very much addicted.

201. The French are universally spoken of as a lively, gay people. In this respect, I cannot help observing a great difference between the men and the women of France. Frenchmen are certainly more gay than Englishmen, but, I have been surprised to see the countenances of the *women*, in this country, so serious, so full of anxiety and care. The truth, however, is, as I have pretty well exemplified in paragraph 149, that "Madame" has more *work* to do than Monsieur's reputation for gallantry would induce one to suppose. In all sorts of shop-keeping, in France, it is the women who attend to the business, and

the men have, comparatively, not much to do with it. The *keeping of accounts*, even, in many a tradesman's counting-house, is the task of the tradesman's wife or of his daughter. The selling of goods in the shops is principally done by the women ; the labour, in short, of the whole concern is performed by " Madame ;" and, it is natural enough to ask what Monsieur himself is about ? a question which may be too often determined by looking into the *café* (coffee-house), where the trifling amusements of billiards, cards, and dominos, are everlastingly kept alive.

202. I see more good sheep in this province, than I have seen elsewhere through France. Sheep, in this country, are uncommonly docile. They are accustomed to be treated with so much gentleness by those who look after them, that the dogs even jump about and play with them without their being at all worried.

203. Conches is a little town, on the left bank of the river Iton. Population, 2000. At Nonancourt, a place near this, there are several Englishmen, who have been settled there for some years, and who have manufactories, in iron, cotton, and other articles.—

The farm labourer here gets, at this time of the year, about a franc and a half a-day (if he be boarded and lodged) besides his boarding and lodging.

LOUVIERS—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(Nine leagues from Conches, through La Bonneville and Evreux.)

TUESDAY NIGHT, 18 Nov.

204. The blacksmith at Conches made a sort of shoe, this morning, for my horse; it is a very ingenious contrivance, and has enabled my horse, though yet lame, to get on without hurting his ailing foot, which was cut at the bottom, or in the frog.

205. The road to Evreux from Conches, is through a country not so rich, apparently, as what I have come through further back in Normandy. This road must, however, be a very interesting one to travel up in summer, for the views from it are beautiful and of great variety; but, I am rather too late in the season to see this fine country in its perfection.

206. The city of Evreux with a population of 9300 inhabitants, is situated on the banks

of the Iton ; and that river runs, alongside of the road, all the way from Conches to Evreux, through fine water meadows, which lie in a valley below high hills, or mountains, of limestone, chalk, and flint. Evreux is a bishopric. Its manufactures, are, *woollen cloths, siamoise cloth, cotton velvet, cotton cloths, and leather* ; and a good deal of *bleaching* is carried on in this place.

207. The woods, of oak and birch timber, are very extensive along the tops and sides of the hills, which continue from Evreux to Louviers. The arable land, from Evreux to Louviers, is an open plain, with a vast quantity of apple and pear trees, here and there, planted upon it.

208. Louviers is, in size, about the same as Evreux. It is one of the greatest manufacturing towns in France ; particularly in the article of *woollen cloth*, which is manufactured here in great quantity. The other articles of manufacture are various: *muslins, cotton and woollen yarn, siamoise cloth, and nankins* ; besides the dying and bleaching of cloth. The woollen cloth made here is said to be of the very finest and softest quality. A great part of the wool that is used in its manufacture,

comes, I understand, from *Segovia*, in Spain. A coat of *superfine cloth*, the best of such as are worn by gentlemen in England, costs, in Normandy, about 70 or 80 francs, or, from 2*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* to 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Wearing apparel, in general, is cheap. A good strong jacket, for the use of a farmer, or a workman upon a farm, made of woollen cloth, does not cost above 9 or 10 francs, or 7*s.* or 8*s.* Hats, shoes, and boots, are very cheap in France. A pair of strong shoes for 6 francs, or 5*s.*; boots, such as cost 30*s.* in England, may be bought here for 18 francs, or, 15*s.* a pair; and a hat, worth 25*s.* with us, they get here for as little as 15 francs, or 12*s.* 6*d.*

209. On my road from La Bonneville, which is a little village, towards Evreux, I saw a woman washing clothes in a little rill, or brook of water, that ran through a meadow. This is the manner in which most of the washing is done in France. At Andres and St. Omers I saw them washing in tubs, just as the women wash in England; but I have very seldom seen washing *in doors* practised, except at those two places. In passing through a town or village, in the vicinity of which there has been any stream of water, I have almost always seen some women, kneeling at the water's edge,

washing clothes. They make use of soap, but do not rub the clothes between the knuckles, as the women do with us: they put the wet clothes upon a solid piece of wood, or upon a large stone, and slap them hard with a little piece of board, about 8 inches square, which has a handle to it, and is made for the express purpose.

210. Some people that have been travellers in this country, exclaim, "*how many beggars there are in France!*" There are, to be sure, a good many beggars here; but, I have not seen more of them in the country parts of France, than I should have seen in England, had I been travelling in England along the same distance of high road. I certainly did not see so many beggars in *Paris* as I have seen in *London*; and, there is this important difference between the individual appearance of the beggars in France, and that of English beggars: a very large portion of our beggars are persons neither aged nor infirm, while, in France, there is scarcely any object of this description that is not old, or, in some way, incapable of earning a living. The greater part of the beggars in England beg, because they cannot get employment; and the beggars in France beg because they are not fit to be em-

ployed. It is the state of society in England which causes the beggar, while, in France, it is his inability to render society any service which causes him to beg. I do not mean to say, that there are no objects of charity in France except those who are bodily infirm; for, there must, in all countries, be *some* persons, who, although capable of exertion, have, owing to peculiar circumstances, no means of existence at their command. There are, of course, some persons of this description in France; but, the *sturdy beggar* is not common in this country. The provision which, *by law*, is made for the poor in France, consists in an institution called *L'Hôtel-Dieu*. That is, *God's House of hospitality*. It is an hospital, or house of charity, for the reception and entertainment of indigent persons, those who, from age or other causes of infirmity, may have become destitute of the necessaries of life. This institution is not, however, any thing of a burden upon the people; the expenses of it are, indeed, in great part, supported by *voluntary contributions*, that is to say, sums of money, which are given by charitable persons during their life-time, or bequeathed by them at their decease. It is the custom with us, as well as with the French, to give or bequeath money to charitable institutions; but, then, we have,

besides *charitable institutions*, the institution of the *work-house*, towards the support of which *charity* is never depended upon at all, and which would certainly not be supported if that feeling alone were appealed to in its behalf. The French have no work-houses, nothing which answers the purpose of a work-house, except the *Hôtel-Dieu*. The *Hôtel-Dieu* is not, like the work-house, to be met with very frequently. There is a place of this kind in every town of consequence, but, you do not meet with it *all over the country*, as you do with the work-house in England. The *Hôtel-Dieu* seems to be an institution of very ancient date. As a *building*, it has always the appearance of great antiquity. It is generally situated in some conspicuous part of the town; and the words "*Hôtel-Dieu*" are written over its door-way. The *work-houses* in England, unlike the *Hôtel-Dieu*, are by no means antique. A great part of them are either new buildings, erected expressly for the purpose, or, old farm-houses, formerly the habitations of happiness and plenty, and now converted into asylums for misery and want. The poor people that have to be provided for in the *Hôtel-Dieu* are few in number, compared with those who move about and subsist upon what they get by begging; and this is because people are,

in France, much more inclined to give trifles of money to beggars than we are in England. The French do not so often refuse the petition of a beggar, because it does not remind them that they have been taxed in heavy *poor-rates* to maintain him ; and, the beggar himself is less likely to demand relief from the public funds when his immediate wants are supplied by the charity of individuals. In short, there is not that dreadful state of *pauperism*, in France, which there is in England. All poor people in France are *free* ; they have the right of moving from one place to another, as much as people have that are rich ; they have a *right to beg*, and, unless they commit some overt act of an unlawful kind, no one molests or hinders them. How far would such toleration, without any poor-rates, agree with the gravity of our “ Vagrant Act,” and the number of our paupers ?

211. The *Hôtel-Dieu* is, also, a place for the taking care of poor children, of orphans, and of illegitimate children who have been abandoned by their parents. They are here fed and clothed, and taught, until pretty well grown up, and are then placed out in situations where, for the future, they may provide for themselves.

ROUEN—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(Seven leagues from Louviers, through Pont de l'Arche.)

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, 19 Nov.

212. My horse, last evening, at about a league before I entered Louviers, was seized with a fit of the *fret*, (cholic) so severe, that he wanted to lie down upon the road : I managed to get him on to the stable, and, owing to the skill and activity of a French horse-doctor, he was ready for the road again this morning.

213. Between this place and Louviers, the arable part of the land is generally bare of fences. There are a great many apple trees to be seen, here, in every direction. The fruit of these trees is just of the same quality as that of all the apple trees I have seen growing in this way. Near Louviers there is a good deal of birch and oak wood ; and the cultivated part of the land, as a plain, is very agreeable.

214. At Pont de l'Arche, a dirty little place, I cross the Seine, over a fine long bridge. Just after leaving this place, I have to go over a high hill, from the opposite side of which is

presented a very beautiful view of the city of Rouen, (the capital of this fine province) and of the river Seine, which winds along, with a great many turnings, from Pont de l'Arche to this place, and through water-meadows and osier-beds as pretty as any that I ever saw. The road, after descending from the hill, is bounded, on one side, by the flat meadows, and, on the other side, by a range of very high and steep mountains, which are composed of chalk, flint, and limestone.

215. Rouen is a noble city. It is situated on one edge of a most delightful valley, and close on the Seine, which river may, indeed, be said to pass through the city, for, on the bank of the river, which is opposite to that on which stands the original city, there is a good deal of building, and much business done in the way of trade. On entering Rouen there appears to be as much life and stir as there is in Paris; the city is just such another place, excepting in respect to size. The *looks of the people*, here, as well as throughout the country parts of Normandy, constitute the most important circumstance in favour of this province. Normandy, excepting in the particular of *climate* only, says much more for France than all the rest of the country that I

have seen. The land is by far the richest, and the best cultivated ; the houses (farm-houses, as well as others) are more solid, more clean, in the insides of them, and kept in better general order. The people here, and those belonging to any other province through which I have passed, are as much unlike each other as though they belonged to two different nations. The men, in Normandy, are larger, better made, and fresher looking. The women are much the prettiest I have seen in France. They wear a cap (amongst the peasantry) that is quite a pattern of neatness. This cap is, in some parts of Normandy, very high in its shape, sometimes as much as *thirty inches* above the head, and it is so curious, in other particulars of its fashion, that I should endeavour to give a more minute description of it, if I were at all conversant in such matters. It is called in France, *le bonnet cachoix*. The fashion belongs peculiarly to the women of the *Pays de Caux*, which forms one district of the province of Normandy, and which Rouen stands just upon the borders of. The women of this district, who are called *Cachoises*, are universally allowed to be the prettiest in France. On my road from London to Dover, through Kent, I did, however, see more beauty than I

have seen in all the other parts of France put together, *Paris* included. The women that I have seen before I entered this province were not to be compared with those of Normandy, in point of neatness in their dress and general appearance. The Normandy women have a good deal about them which answers the sense of the word "*tidy*:" a word which has so much significance in our language, and which the French language is a stranger to, and, indeed, need be a stranger to, as far as relates to the greater part of the people whose habits I have had an opportunity to observe. The faces that appear under the *bonnet cauchoir* are very pretty. The cheeks of the Normandy women are quite as rosy, though their complexions are not so delicate, as those of English women. There are not, I have noticed, so many *black eyes*, here, as I have seen elsewhere in France; but (for I must say it, *to be just*,) there are not so many *dirty faces*!

216. The contrast between Normandy and the rest of France, not only as regards the appearance of the people, but as regards that of their houses, the face of their country, the cultivation of their farms, and all that, in short, which strikes the eye of a traveller as he goes

along the road, is so very remarkable, that one cannot help inquiring the *reason* why it should be.

217. By some persons (and those apparently not the least intelligent) this striking difference is mainly ascribed to the wide difference between the ancient *laws* and *usages* of Normandy and those of the rest of France; and especially as relating to the laws affecting the *disposal* and *distribution of real property*. Before the Revolution the law of *primogeniture* and of *entail* appears to have existed in a very extensive degree in Normandy, while it did not so exist in the other provinces of the kingdom, except with regard to a comparatively small part of the community. In Normandy the custom was to give all the real property to the *sons*, if there were sons; so that, as to the females, personal beauty was worth more than in countries where a different custom prevails; and it was a natural consequence, that the handsomest women would find husbands first. At first sight it appears unjust to give all the estates to the sons; but, these sons must have wives; these wives must be women; and, if John's two rich sons take (as they must) James's two penniless daughters, while John's two penniless daughters take (as they must) James's

two rich sons ; if this is the case, what ~~wrong~~ is done to the women ? On the contrary ; is it not to do them honour to establish a custom that makes it *impossible* that they can be *married for their money* ? All the *pretty* girls, at any rate, ought to be, I think, for the custom of Normandy.

218. I mean, that which *was* the custom of Normandy ; for, as far as positive law can go, the Revolution has destroyed this custom. All is now laid level. The law does, in fact, *make a man's will for him* ; and it divides and subdivides his property, till, in some cases, a farm of 100 acres is, at the death of the owner, cut up into allotments of *six* or *seven* acres ! It has been said, that " the law of primogeniture *has but one child*," and that it devotes all the rest to *beggary*. On the other hand it is said, that, even if this be admitted, the law of primogeniture has an advantage over the *law of scattering*, as it may be called ; for, that the law of primogeniture has *one child*, while the other has *no child at all* ; that the law of primogeniture *devotes* (allowing it to do this) to *beggary all but one*, while the law of scattering saves *not one*, but disperses the *whole*, and makes them *all beggars*. For, if a man possess an estate, each child is brought up as the child of the

owner of that estate ; but what is each but a beggar (compared with his father), when each possesses a dozen or two of acres of land ?

219. It is not for me to venture to speak positively upon a subject of such vast extent and vast importance ; but I hear, on all sides, here in Normandy, great lamentations on account of the effects of this revolutionary law. They tell me, that it has dispersed thousands upon thousands of families, who had been on the same spots for centuries ; that it is daily operating in the same way ; that it has, in a great degree, changed the state of the farm-buildings ; that it has caused the land to be worse cultivated ; that it has caused great havoc amongst timber trees ; and, there are persons who do not scruple to assert, that society in France will become degraded in the extreme, unless the law be changed in this respect.

220. It must be confessed, that this *law of scattering* naturally leads to *dilapidation* and *waste*. It is not natural to expect that an owner of a farm, for instance, will have the same regard for, or consider himself bound to take the same care of, the farm which he has purchased of a stranger, as he would of the

farm upon which he had himself been born and bred up, the farm which his father had tilled, and which he had inherited in his father's name. Nor can it be any more expected, that the father, while he lives, should pay the same attention to the farm which is to be *sold away*, or cut up *into lots* sorely against his will, as he would to that which must remain in the hands of his son after he is gone. If he have to build the farm-house, it is not likely to be built with so much care, or to last so long; his farm is not likely to be so well enclosed or so much beautified; he will not take the same pains about making the neat and lasting quick-set hedge round his field, or in planting trees to be the future ornaments of his dwelling, when he reflects that all these sources of welfare, comfort, and good appearance, may, in a very short time, become the possessions of some one whom he does not even know, and, consequently, cannot care any thing about. For these reasons, as they tell me, an astonishing alteration has taken place in the province of Normandy, since the beginning of the revolution. The farms here, are not, I am assured, in any thing like the same fine condition that they used to be, although they are still the handsomest and best cultivated in France. The people do not now take

the same pride in the cultivation and embellishment of their farms. In all matters appertaining to farms, farm-houses, or whatever belongs to the occupation of farmers and country people, there is less attention paid to *character* or *appearance*.

221. I have been assured, that, in many families of owners of land, the several members have come to an agreement with each other to act according to the ancient custom, and thus prevent the parcelling out of their estates and the extinction of their families. This *may* now-and-then take place, but generally it cannot; and it is clear, that if the present law remain, the land must *all* be cut up into *little bits*; that a farm-house must become a rare sight; and that a *tree* worthy of the name of *timber*, will scarcely be seen in a whole day's ride.

222. No wonder that the *government* of France should be anxious to bring the country back to something like the old laws and customs, as to the disposal and distribution of the land. But, it is, I am told, by no means certain, that it will succeed in the attempt which it is said to be about to make for the effecting of this purpose. There naturally exists great

jealousy of every proposition which seems to look back with longing eyes towards the *feudal system*. The *law of primogeniture* has been so much censured, that, only to talk of it, rouses the resentment of many persons in France. *Something*, however, must, sooner or later, be done to counteract the *law of scattering*. There must, for instance, be public forests, or plantations, for the rearing of timber; for the law of primogeniture is as necessary to make *ancient trees* as it is to make *ancient families*. This is a subject full of interest, full of important considerations, one that I should like to see ably discussed, but certainly one that I never bestowed a thought on, till I entered this famous province of Normandy.

223. It has been remarked, by some Englishmen who have been in France, that the French farmers have hardly any *barns*, or other places in which to deposit their corn. This is very much the case; it is so even in Normandy, though not so much so here as in other parts of the country. The French farmers do not make any large ricks of corn, as we do in England. They either put their corn into small stacks, or put it away under the roofs of their cattle sheds, and other out-houses, in which situation it is not seen. It

is, however, the custom with French farmers, to thrash out their corn very soon. A great part of the crop is thrashed out as soon as it is harvested. Buckwheat and oats, and beans also, I believe, are very commonly thrashed *in the fields where they are grown*. By these means the farmers get their harvest into a smaller compass, and do not require so much room to house it in. This is, as in America, the effect of climate more than of any thing else.

THURSDAY, 20 Nov.

224. The manufactures of Rouen are very extensive and various. This city, although it is situated at not less than thirty leagues from the mouth of the Seine, may almost be said to be a *sea-port*. The far greater part of the goods of all kinds, which are brought into or exported from the Northern parts of France, pass through the medium of this place. All the merchandize that comes to Paris, from Havre, must go to or past this city. And a large portion of the manufactures, raw materials, and provisions of all kinds, that are sent for exportation to Havre, from various parts of the country, are first brought, by land, to

Rouen, and are then sent down the Seine to Havre.

225. The population of Rouen is about 80,000 inhabitants. The finest of the churches here are those of St. Ouen, St. Maclou, and La Madeleine ; besides which there is a very fine and ancient cathedral.

226. The church called *St. Ouen*, is one which has been dedicated to OÜEN, who was Archbishop of Rouen many centuries ago. OÜEN was born in the environs of Soisous, and was elected Archbishop of this city in the year 640. He became celebrated for his mental endowments, and obtained great authority in state affairs. The different princes who reigned in France, during the time of OÜEN, were at war with one another, and the influence of OÜEN established peace again among them. It was upon his return from a negotiation for this purpose, that OÜEN died, in 689:—He is said to have written the life of St. ELOY, which is in Latin. A voluminous account of the life of St. OÜEN, in French, by P. FRANÇOIS POMMERY, was published in 1662.—There is a little place, near Pont de L'Arche, which is called *Port de St. Ouen*. This place takes its name, no doubt, as well

as the old church, from that of the Archbishop
OUEEN.

227. It would be somewhat needless for me to describe the forms and ceremonies of Roman Catholic worship. But I cannot help noticing one important particular connected with the *going to church* in this country. There are no *pews* allowed to be made in the churches here. The priests have benches, or large chairs, highly decorated, to sit upon ; but the congregation flock *all together*. The stone floors of the churches are entirely open, and the only sort of seats used by those who attend the service are common rush-bottomed chairs, of which there are a great many kept in every church. The chairs are piled up on one side, when there is no service going on in the church, so that the floor of the church is as open as that of an English barn. A trifle of money is paid to an attendant, by the persons who ask for chairs. When people are *at church*, in this country, there is no sort of distinction made between classes or ranks. People enter the churches at all times, every day in the week, to say their prayers, and to sprinkle themselves with the holy-water, as they are passing by upon business, or otherwise. There is nothing of that contesting for "*the chief*"

seats" at church, as is too much the case with some of the most constant church-goers in England. There are, indeed, no "*chief seats*" to be found in the churches here. In England the church is, by many folks, looked upon as a sort of *theatre*, or a place to *show off* in. The *finest pew* seems to contain the most pious worshipper. What is there more common, in an English parish, than the quarrels about the "*best pew*." While the French people are kneeling to expiate their sins upon the stone floors of their churches, we forget our sins, and add to the stock, in a squabble about who shall have the gaudiest seat or cushion, upon which to sit or kneel down to protest that we are deeply impressed with feelings of humility.

228. To-day I saw the statue of JOAN OF Arc (*La Pucelle d'Orleans*), who was burned alive in this city by the English, in the year 1430. The statue stands in a little square, and upon the very spot where she was burned. The figure is represented as a woman dressed in military uniform, and holding a sword in her hand.

NEUFCHATEL—PROVINCE OF NORMANDY.

(Ten leagues from Rouen, through *Le Vert de Gallant* and *Boissiers*.)

FRIDAY NIGHT, 21 Nov.

229. *Le Vert de Gallant* consists in nothing more than a house of posting, a *Poste aux Chevaux*, upon the road ; and *Boissiers* is but a little hamlet, of about a dozen houses.

230. The country here is open, and rather flat, excepting a chain of hill which runs across at *Boissiers*. Little of wood-land, but a great many apple-trees of the same kind that I have before noticed. On my road to-day, I see the land ploughed in a manner different from almost any ploughing that I have seen since I got into the neighbourhood of *Briarre*. All the way from that place, to *Neufchatel*, or hereabouts, the land is, in general, ploughed in the manner described in paragraph 94. Here they plough the land, as we do in most parts of England, into wide lands ; and although the farms are nothing like so beautiful as those in the interior of Normandy, the ploughing upon them is much better done.

231. *The implements of husbandry in France*

are, as well as those with us, of great variety. The principal difference between the ploughs, carts, wagons, harrows, and the like, in France, and such implements in England, is, that these things seem to be, in this country, on account of their comparative rudeness of fashion, about the same as I should suppose must have been used in England a great many years, perhaps a century, ago. The farming implements here are not, generally, so heavy as ours. They are nothing like so neatly made, but answer their purpose pretty nearly as well as those of English farmers. Some of the ploughs made use of in the neighbourhood of Briarre, and in other places where the land is light, and the climate warmer than it is here, have scarcely any thing of a *mould-board* attached to them. The land is hardly turned over at all. The ploughshare gives it a shallow stir; and the farmer (unlike the farmer in England) seems to place more reliance on the *climate* than he does on the depth of the ploughing which his land receives.—The *winnowing machine* is the most complicated piece of machinery that I see used by the French farmers; and this is not common among them.

232. I cannot convey a more correct idea

of French farming, as far as *taste* or *fashion* goes, than by a description of a kind of gate, which is very common upon farms, throughout the country. The curious part of this gate is the upper bar of it, which is formed out of the stem of a good sized tree, that has been felled, without cutting off any more than just the fibrous parts of its root; so that the *stool-moor* remains in its rough state; and the piece of timber attached to it, after being reduced to the size and shape required, is placed, so as precisely to balance itself, across one of the gate-posts, upon which it swings by means of an iron pivot, driven into the top of the post. All the minor bars, and cross-bars, are fastened to this principal part of the gate; and the whole is balanced by the *stool-moor*, the counteracting weight of which, at the opposite side of the gate-post, keeps all the rest of the gate in its place.

233. There are some manufactories of cotton yarn, and of muslin, at this place. The men employed in the factories earn from 25 sous to 3 francs a-day, which, considering the price of food and raiment, is very high pay. Neufchatel is celebrated, throughout all France, for a kind of cheese which is made here, and which is by far the best that I have

found in any part of this country. It is made of cream; and the cheeses, which are very small, sell, at market, by the dozen. A dozen of the best of these cheeses, weighing, generally, about 3 lbs. the dozen, sells for 3 francs, or nearly that; making the cheese to be 1 franc, or 10d. English, a pound.

234. The hay in this part of France is very fine. Lucerne, sainfoin, and meadow hay, are all worth, at retail, about 10 sous the *botte*, allowing the *botte* to weigh 12 lbs. This is dear for France. It is at the rate of about 3l. 12s. an English ton. Much dearer than the corn in France. However, this is the retail price.

ABBEVILLE—PROVINCE OF PICARDY.

*(Twelve leagues from Neufchatel, through Foucar-
mont, Blangy, and Huppy.)*

SATURDAY NIGHT, 22 Nov.

235. The country I have passed over to-day is more interesting. The land, on the other side of Blangy, which is but a small village, as well as Foucarmont and Huppy, abounds in hills of stone and chalk. From

Blangy to this place the prospect is not so fine. Blangy, situated in a rich valley, which lies open for some extent, is surrounded by an immense forest of beech, called *Le Forest d'Eau*. I am told that this forest extends, in one direction, for as much as *thirteen leagues*. It formerly belonged to different branches of the Royal Family of the Bourbons; but the greater part of it, I believe, was so disposed of during the Revolution, that not much of the confiscated property has been regained by its former possessors. The Duchess of Orleans, who was dispossessed of that portion of it which belonged to her, has, by some means, succeeded in getting it back again.—I saw a great number of women and children, in this forest, collecting the *beech-nuts*, which fall from the trees about this time of the year. They sell the nuts, after collecting a quantity of them together, to people who make oil from them.

236. The town of Abbeville is situated on the river Somme. Its population is 18,000. It is nearly, if not quite, upon a level with *Louviers*, as a manufacturing place. Some of the manufactories of *silks*, *woollen cloths*, and *cottons*, are very extensive. The journeymen who work in the manufactories get from 25

sous to 4 francs a-day.—The machinery for spinning, and the looms, are, almost all of them, propelled by the power of *steam*.

HESDIN—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

(*Eight leagues from Abbeville, through Canchy.*)

SUNDAY NIGHT, 23 Nov.

237. I can easily perceive that I am among a different sort of people here, from those that I have left in Normandy. I recognise the same kind of countenances that I saw as I went through this province and that of Picardy to Paris. The little children, that run out from the houses here, look cheerful, and comfortably clad, but their faces are a much stronger evidence of inward content, than they are of the external application of *soap and water*.

238. From Abbeville to this place the country is very much the same as that between St. Omer's and St. Pol. The land is strong and good, but flat, very little enclosed, and without any of that beauty of variety which belongs to Normandy, Maine, and Touraine. There are no water meadows here, and very few hedge-rows, and but little wood land.

239. Canchy is but a little village. Hesdin, the population of which is about 6000, is the strongest fortified town that I have passed through. The ramparts of the town are very high. The place is so far guarded by the water which flows all round it, that you cannot approach the town without first crossing one of the long bridges that lead to the gateways. The wet ditches and the water-meadows, by which the town is surrounded, and which contain a great quantity of stagnant water, are said to render this situation unhealthy.

240. The fuel chiefly made use of by the people about here, is that of *peat*. Peat is much burned in those parts of France in which there is less wood to be gotten, and where water-meadows, or marshy lands, abound.

SAINT OMER'S—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

MONDAY NIGHT, 24 NOV.

241. On leaving Hesdin, I passed through a forest, which belongs to the King, and is of considerable extent. The land here is good. The face of the country is much the same as

that which I had in view from Cauchy to Hesdin.

242. The farmers here make great use of chalk. I see the people digging it out of little wells, which they sink in the fields, the foundation of the soil of which is, about here, a complete bed of chalk, or marl. They dig a hole, sufficiently large to supply manure for about half an acre of land, and carry out the chalk *in baskets*, and lay it, as we do in England, in heaps. Their having to carry all the chalk *by hand*, induces them to dig many holes, or wells, in the chalking of a large field, for the sake of saving labour. *Women*, as well as men, are engaged in this sort of work.

243. There are no *cottages* in France. I mean, by *cottages*, such dwellings as those which are inhabited by the families of labourers *in England*. If happiness be essential to the existence of these cottages, which have so much interested travellers in our country, and which make us delighted with country life; these cottages, which form so beautiful a feature in the rural part of our affairs, that even our poets have loved to dwell upon the subject: if happiness in the inmates be indis-

pensable to preserve the character of these little dwellings, would not present appearances make us fear that some Frenchman may yet have to tell his countrymen, that there are *no cottages in England?* I hope, however, that no Frenchman will ever be able, with truth, to say this; for, of all the subjects upon which I can decide in favour of my own country, after contrasting her with that of the French, there is no one which does her more honour than that which conveys its idea in the name of *cottage*. The French have no word by which to translate this name. They call a cottage a *caban*, which means, strictly speaking, *cabin*. What we mean by the word *cabin* is, in English, something very different from *cottage*. It has, rather, a *miserable* meaning. We say *cabin*, when we speak, for instance, of the thing which is made as a shelter for themselves by people who have been shipwrecked upon a desert coast: and, really, the *caban* of a peasant in Picardy bears more resemblance to something erected under such circumstances, than it does to the pretty cottage of an English labourer, the interior of which seems to court comfort through the medium of cleanliness and care, and in front of the door-way of which you oftener see a really beautiful flower-garden, than (as is the

case with the Frenchman's *caban*) the unseemly sight of a heap of rubbish or manure.

244. The neat, the *flower-garden* cottage, is, it would seem, peculiar to *England*; for, I have always heard of the dunghill door-ways of the dwellings of the Scotch and Irish labourers; and I can myself speak as to those of the *United States of America*, where the farmer very seldom seems to care a great deal about the neatness of his yard and his garden, but, where the mere labourer, though he earn a dollar a-day, and eat meat three times a-day, has, in general, a hole to live in that the poorest of our English labourers would be ashamed of. It is generally a "*caban*" made of boards, without any garden, or any thing that seems to say, that it is the abode of comfort.

245. But, notwithstanding this slovenliness, the American labourer is much *better off* than ours. And so is the French labourer. His habits are what we call slovenly; but he has never known the contrary. By the side of the obscurest lanes in England you will see the most beautiful flower-gardens, with little gravel or sand walks, before little, old, cottages. These gardens are not intended for

show. They are seen by nobody but the owners. It is *taste*; it is *habit*; most admirable, most meritorious, these are; but, those to whom they are unknown do not experience the want of them.

246. The French labourer is better fed than the English labourer now is. He is better clothed too. His *stock* of clothes is greater. His body is not exposed, as the bodies of a large portion of our labourers now are. He is more dirty; but not so ragged; less neat about his dwelling, but he has about three times the quantity of food.

247. I saw, to-day, several men and women *digging* together, in the open fields, with a spade (the ordinary spade made use of in France), which had a long handle, and was very much like the narrow spade which is made use of in *draining* in England. The women dug uncommonly well: they stuck the spade into the ground, without putting their foot upon it at all, and threw over the full spits of this heavy soil, as quick, and with as much apparent ease to themselves, as the men did who worked alongside of them. The ground that these people were digging was a little plat, which, in exchange for services

rendered to the land-owner, or a part of the money paid them for such services, they were enabled to rent. It is a common thing, here, for a labourer to be the renter of a little piece of land, in this way. Instead of being employed in such toilsome labour, the women, if they had been the wives or daughters of English labourers, would have been *at home*, attending to the state of their cottages, and preserving that general system of neatness and order, which makes so great a difference between the Englishman's *cottage* and the Frenchman's *caban*.—Of the *food* of the French peasant *bread* is a principal article; and it is, in France, as it appears natural that it should be, the most abundant article in the way of food. All sorts of vegetables, in this country, give way to bread. A less quantity of meat is requisite to a French labourer, than what labourers (when they can get it) are used to consume in England. The *economy in cooking* here, is such, that the same quantity of animal food which we eat in England would feed almost double the number of persons in France. *Soup* is a food of which the French are so fond, that they can scarcely bear to go without it. The best soup they like best; but, they like soup, in general, so much, that even *soup maigre* is better to them than no soup at

all. The French do not cook so much meat in *large pieces* as we do ; they cut it up into small bits, and stew, or fricasee it, most frequently. It is this mode of cooking among them, no doubt, which has led to the supposition, which I do not think well founded, that the French are more abstinent with regard to meat than we are. -



TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND THURSDAY,
25, 26, and 27 Nov.

248. The cause of my remaining so long a time as three days at St. Omer's has been the discovery of some old friends of my father's, with whom he resided (*en pension*) about thirty years ago, when he was in this country. I endeavoured to find them as I went through here before, but without success. As soon as I got back here again I made further search, and at last found them out.

249. I have not, till this time, had any opportunity of being in a French *Court of Justice*. On Wednesday there was a court sitting, at this place, to try criminals, at which I attended. I witnessed one trial, which was that of a young woman, who had been arrested

in the neighbourhood of St. Pol, on the charge of *stealing a cow*. She pleaded, *not guilty*; but it was clearly proved, that she was guilty; and the main circumstance urged in her favour, was, that of her not having stolen the cow *during the night*, but *in the day time*. The French law does not punish the crime of theft with so much severity when committed in the day-time, as it does when committed during the night. The law, it appeared, had not specified the exact difference between the time of the day and that of the night. The lawyer who defended, or who wished to mitigate the punishment of, the woman, argued, that, as she had stolen the cow at *three o'clock* in the morning, the theft ought to be considered as having been committed in the day-time. But the chief judge interpreted the law differently; and, after consulting with the rest of those who were upon the bench, decided that the cow had been stolen in the night, and sentenced the woman to *thirteen month's imprisonment*. The prisoner, during the trial, sat between two *gens d'armes* (who are officers of police, but dressed in complete military uniform), in a situation which was elevated from the floor by a little platform, round which there was an iron railing. On the opposite side of the room sat the jury,

(twelve men); and at one end of the room was the bench, upon which there were, I think, seven judges, all of whom wore black gowns, much like the gowns worn by our lawyers, the president of the court having, besides this, a scarlet scarf over his shoulders, by way, I suppose, of distinction. The lawyers here do not wear *wigs*. They wear, judges and all, a curious sort of cap, which is high upon their heads, and much wider round at the top of the crown than it is at the bottom, increasing gradually in width, as it runs up. It has no *brim*, like that of a common hat, but, in all other respects, it is very nearly of the same shape as the hats which have, of late, been worn by the *dandies* of London; very like a dandy's hat, with the *brim cut off*. The cap is, ordinarily, made of black cloth, but that of the president is of black velvet, and has a band of gold lace round the lower part of it.

250. Crimes are by no means so frequent in France as in England. According to the accounts which I have received in four of the Departments through which I have passed, there are not *half so many prisoners* in France as in England alone, though the population of France is about *three times* that of England!

This is a melancholy, and, indeed, to us, a disgraceful fact. The truth is, the people of France are well off; and those of England are, for the greater part, constantly suffering from want. Then, there is the fertile cause for imprisonment in England, the *game-code*, of which the French do, in reality, know nothing. Only eight persons have been executed in Paris during the last *three years*. Alas! London: the blood of how many has stained your pavement!

251. This happy state of the people makes the family of Bourbon secure. I have now travelled a great distance in France; have been in almost all sorts of company; have seen no restraint in any company; and never have heard one expression hostile to the Bourbons. People talk freely, and I have frequently heard them talk about the Spanish war. Generally, however, as a matter of *mere news*; and, the impression upon my mind is, that the people in general care very little about what we call *politics*. They seem to have *never known* what was before the Revolution; and, they seem perfectly well satisfied with the result of it. If I had mixed with politicians, at Paris, I might have heard what would have led to a

different conclusion ; but I took the community as I found it ; and I have here set down the result of my observations.

252. I was prepared for some marks of that *prejudice*, said to exist here *against the English*. Few persons have, I believe, (at least, I *hope*,) taken me for any thing but an Englishman ; and, during the whole of my journey, I have met with not a bit more rudeness, neglect, or incivility, than I should have been liable to if I had been travelling in England.

253. I had read MR. ARTHUR YOUNG'S account of bad rooms, bad beds, nasty servants, and the like. I have met with none of these. Frequently *not fine* ; but seldom indeed *not good*. Plenty of good food always, for horse as well as for man ; and never any thing like impatience or ill-temper in the servants. Say others what they please : I say a most civil, agreeable, and honest people.

254. The people seem to me to think very little about the taxes ; and, indeed, it is not very easy to meet with a person who can tell you any thing about them. It is curious, that there is just the same talk of a vast *increase of population* here that there is in England.

Every body that you talk to on the subject, seems to take it for granted, that France is much more populous than she was a few years ago. Has England caught this strange whim from France ; or France from England.

255. I have been very much pleased with the state of *religious affairs* in France. Here appear to be no disputes between the people and the priests ; and, as far as I can perceive, there is but *one kind of religion* ; which must, I think, be a great advantage to all parties. Which is right and which is wrong of the many kinds of religion in England, I shall not take upon me to decide ; but, I must say, that I here witness the happy effects of there being only *one kind*. The priests every where seem to be a very modest and unassuming set of men. They are appointed to their parishes by the Bishops. They do not lead lazy lives. They visit, and diligently visit, *every sick person*. They are in their churches, on many of the days of every month, soon after daylight. On Sundays they generally say mass three times. They teach all the children their religious duties. For this purpose they have them assembled in the church itself, on certain days, and mostly at a very early hour in the morning, which must

have an excellent effect on the morals of the children. There are none of the people too poor to be noticed, and in the kindest manner too, by these priests, who really appear to answer to the appellation of *pastor*.

256. Never, while this is the case, will any thing resembling our *Methodist Meetings* rise up here. It is certainly a great feather in the cap of the Catholic Church, that France has returned to her with so much unanimity ; and that, too, *without any force*, without any attempt at force, and without any possible motive in the mass of the people except that of a belief in the truth of her doctrines. But, as far as I can venture to speak, I must say, that I think, that the gentle, the amiable, the kind, the humble, the truly pious conduct of the priests is the great cause of that strong attachment which the Catholics every where bear to their church. I give, as it becomes me, this opinion with great deference to the judgment of the reader ; but, bare justice to these priests compels me to say, that I see them every where held in high esteem, and, that they seem to me not to be esteemed beyond their merits. Let the reader suppose an English parson (and there *may be* such an one in England), abstaining from marriage in

order that he may devote his whole time and affection to his flock ; let the reader suppose him visiting every sick person in his parish, present at every death in it, comforting the dying, consoling the survivors ; let the reader suppose such a parson teaching every child in the parish its religious duties, conversing with each almost daily ; let the reader suppose such a parson, and can he suppose that the people of this parish would ever run after a *Metho-dist* ? The great thing is, however, that the people are more sober, honest, and happy in consequence of having this kind and zealous parson. This is the great thing to think of ; and, it appears to me that, in this respect, France is, at this time, in a very excellent state.

257. The giving of *credit* is much less in fashion in France than in England. Indeed the laws of France discourage it : wisely, in my opinion ; but they do it at any rate. Traders must have a *licence* from the government to carry on their trades ; but, this is not necessary *if they do not deal on credit*. If they have not the licence they *cannot be sued* for debts contracted in their business, and *cannot sue* for debts contracted with them by others. If, therefore, they choose to deal

solely for ready money, they need no licence. The licence operates, therefore, as a *tax on giving and taking credit*. Several persons, with whom I have conversed in France, think this tax a very wise measure; and I have generally found, that there is, in this country, a rooted dislike to *adventurous* dealings; or, as the cant term is, *speculations*. This dislike to gambling trade makes commerce less showy, but much more solid. Adventurous dealings certainly are not quite free from *dishonest intention*. The habit of carrying on such dealings tends, I am disposed to think, to wear away whatever it finds of steady industry and honesty. The honesty of the French in all their dealings; their punctuality in paying their debts; their great dislike to be in debt: these are acknowledged by all who know them, and who are just: and these make up for many and many little faults.



CALAIS—PROVINCE OF ARTOIS.

(*Ten leagues from St. Omers.*)

FRIDAY, 28 NOV.

258. Here I am again, with the white cliffs of England once more in my sight, after having

been seven weeks and two days in France, and having travelled over much about *eight hundred English miles*. Let me, then, look at my *purse*, and count the cost of this most agreeable and instructive ride. From my landing at this place, on the 9th of October, to my entry into it again this day, my whole expenditure has been 16*l.* 10*s.* 9¼*d.* or 396 francs, 18½ sous ; or, *six shillings and seven-pence a-day* for me and my horse ; including, however, nearly a pound sterling on account of my horse's cutting of his foot. I have not *tried to be saving*. I have lived very well ; always put up at the best inns ; eaten and drunk as others did ; have been rather liberal than otherwise to servants ; and have a horse full as fat as when I landed him. These expenses, per day, for myself and horse, are not much more than the amount of the day's wages of a labourer at New York. When we look at these expenses, we cannot wonder that so many English people are now in France ; indeed, the wonder is, that thousands more are not here.

259. I cannot look across the Channel without contrasting the stir, the bustle, the energetic motions, and the anxious looks, that I shall there again behold, with the tranquil

and happy carelessness of the scenes that I leave behind me. There seems to be more energy, more force, more human power, existing in one mile of England than in all France. The difference is perfectly surprising; but, it by no means follows, that the latter country has not, mile for mile, as much of *solid means* as the former. France has just shown, that she can send forth immense armies without the effect being felt by, and without the fact being scarcely known to, the mass of the people. The Spanish war seems to have disturbed nobody and nothing. A few years ago it was supposed by many in England, that the energies of France were subdued for ever. Those who thought thus had not seen France; or, had not, at least, duly estimated her immense resources. I pray to God, that those resources may never make her a match for England; but it is not the part of prudence or of valour, to shut our eyes to danger, or to under-rate that against which we shall, sooner or later, have to contend.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FINANCES OF FRANCE .

260. I found it very difficult to get any *publications* on the Finances ; but, I was, by a gentleman at Paris, assisted in getting at documents to enable me to make the following statement of receipts and expenditures for the year 1822 ; and this statement is, I am satisfied, correct as to all material points.

261. The taxes are, 1. *A direct tax on land* ; 2. *On persons and moveable property* ; 3. *On trades* ; that is to say, *licences* ; 4. *Stamp taxes* ; 5. *Customs* ; 6. *Excise*. All governments seem to have the same taste as to taxation. The American Congress have not, as yet, come to a *settled excise tax* ; but they have been nibbling at it two or three times. They have been throwing it, as if in sport, over the necks of the people ; and, then, when the people began to *look cross*, pulled it away again, pretending they were *joking* ! In case of another war, it will, perhaps, be fastened round their necks for ever.

RECEIPTS FOR 1822.

	<i>Francs.</i>	<i>Sterling.</i>
From land and landed income	273,000,000....	11,400,000
Persons and moveables.....	41,000,000....	1,700,000
Trades	31,000,000....	1,300,000
Stamps	157,000,000....	6,500,000
Customs and Excise	268,000,000....	11,100,000
	<u>F. 770,000,000</u>	<u>£32,000,000</u>

EXPENDITURE FOR 1822.

	<i>Francs.</i>	<i>Sterling.</i>
Debt (Public)	178,000,000....	7,400,000
Royal Family.....	24,000,000....	1,400,000
Ministry of Justice	17,000,000....	700,000
Pensions in this Department }	325,000....	14,000
Foreign Affairs.....	6,000,000....	240,000
Interior (ordinary service).. }	11,100,000....	460,000
Pensions in this Department }	580,000....	24,000
The Church	23,400,000....	975,000
Public Works, Roads, and		
Bridges	31,000,000....	1,300,000
Charitable Institutions	2,200,000....	91,000
Contingencies	33,500,000....	1,390,000
War (active service)	173,200,000....	7,200,000
Half Pay	16,000,000....	660,000
Marine	52,000,000....	2,200,000
Ministry of Finance.....	75,000,000....	3,100,000
Charges of Collection and Ma-		
nagement	116,500,000....	4,812,000
	<u>F. 769,805,000</u>	<u>£31,966,000</u>

262. The reader will please to observe, that, in turning the francs into pounds, I have not carried the calculations further than the first two or three figures towards the right hand. If the calculations had been carried quite out, the totals, under the heads of *sterling*, would have been a little different from what they now are. This is, however, of no consequence. The above is quite nice enough for every useful purpose.

263. This statement offers matter for interesting observation, particularly in a *comparative* point of view. The French say, that they have *thirty millions of persons* from whom to collect this revenue. The *Church*, we see, costs these thirty millions of persons only *nine hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds a-year*; while an army, a division of which is fit to invade and over-run Spain, costs but *seven millions a-year*; which is not a third more than that singular body in England, which is, with much greater propriety than elegance, much more truth than prudence, called *The Dead Weight*. Reflections I must, however, leave to the reader, contenting myself with the hope that the facts which I have brought together may be found to be not wholly destitute of utility.

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ERRATUM.

In paragraph 120, for *Porse aux Chevaux*, read *Poste aux Chevaux*.

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3. **LONG ISLAND PROPHECIES.**—This is a reprint of three "*Twopenny Trashes*," written while the Author was in *Long Island*, where he used his *long arm*, and kept himself out of the reach of *SIDMOUTH*. These *Prophecies* contain the Author's opinions as to what would happen to the country in case there were a *return to cash-payments without an adjustment of contracts*. If he had written *now*, instead of *five years ago*, his description of the consequences could not have been more exact. When he wrote those *Prophecies*, and sent them for publication in England (where they were published), he said: "Upon these *Prophecies* I *pledge my reputation as a politician*." They have been fulfilled to the very letter. This was his great and distinct challenge to the Ministry, the Parliament, and the London Press.—Price *Sixpence*.

4. **ENGLISH GRAMMAR.** This work, written in *Long Island*, and published in America and in England, in the year 1818, has gone through several Editions, and has sold to the amount of about fifty thousand copies, without ever having been mentioned in any review and without scarcely any advertisement except in the Author's own publications. He ventures to say that, from this book any person however illiterate, will be enabled to write correctly in less time than is generally bestowed upon learning the first rudiments of spelling. Numerous are the instances in which even gentlemen have told me, that, though they had had what is generally called a liberal education, they had learnt more of grammar from his book in a month, than they had ever learnt before in all their lives. It is entitled, "A Grammar intended for the use of Schools and of Young Persons in general; but more especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices and Ploughboys." But it has now, in this New Edition, an additional part, containing "*Six Lessons to Statesmen*," to warn them against bad writing. These Lessons contain commentaries on the speech of the late Speaker of the House of Commons, which speech was addressed to the Regent on the subject of *PEEL's Bill*. It also contains commentaries on the Regent's Speech; on diplomatic writings of Lord *CATTLEBROUGH* and the Duke of *WELLINGTON*; on dispatches of the Marquis *WELLESLEY*, and on a charge of the Bishop of *WINCHESTER*. The Author, when he first put forth this book, threw it down as a challenge to all the Reviewers, all the Colleges, and all the Universities. He was well aware whom he had to contend with. He was well aware of the infinite pains that would be taken to shut the door of Schools against his book; but it is curious enough; that, while the schoolmasters themselves have, in most cases, been afraid to put it into the hands of their scholars, lest they should incur the displeasure of the rich and the powerful, those masters do not scruple to use it for the teaching of themselves; in which respect, they certainly act very wisely. The day will come, when this Grammar will be in use throughout the kingdom, to the exclusion of all others; and, in the meanwhile, it is a book of greater sale than that of any one in England, to put the sale of which, no one single exertion has ever been made.—Price *Three Shillings*.

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an innumerable band living upon the labour of the people unjustly and a corrupt time-serving, envious, lying and malignant Press! It is well aware of the mass of prejudice which all these combinations have been able to excite against him; but he, at the same time knows, that in numerous instances these Sermons have been put in the hands of their own Sons and Daughters by men who detest the Author on account of his abhorrence of the political system, which causes them to fatten and the people to perish.—The whole collection forms a great volume.—Price *Three Shillings and Sixpence*.

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N.B. These works are to be had of J. M. COBBETT, No. 183 Fleet-street, London; and also, of any of the Booksellers in Paternoster-row, or of their correspondents in different parts of the Kingdom.

